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The Week-end Review

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Britain's Suicide Pact

THE government seems determined to go ahead and establish American rocket-bases in Britain. At this very moment, in Washington, military experts are taking decisions which may affect the lives of all of us. These talks are top-secret, and it is unlikely that the final agreement will be revealed to the Commons, let alone the public. Indeed, to judge by his recent performances in the House, it is doubtful if even Mr Macmillan will bother to ascertain its details.

Yet the missile agreement is one of the most extraordinary and complete surrenders of sovereignty ever to be made by one country for the exclusive benefit of another. For the missiles are not intended to defend Britain; on the contrary, they decisively increase its vulnerability. Their prime purpose is to reduce the likelihood of a Soviet ICBM onslaught on America during the crucial three-year period which must elapse before America possesses ICBMs herself. The sole beneficiary will be America.

This being so, it might be assumed that Britain would extract, in return, a concession of similar magnitude. On the contrary: the shape of the agreement will, it seems, accurately reflect the government's total submission. The cost of the launching-sites—some £30 million or more—will be borne by Britain. Man-power on the sites—the military hewers of wood and drawers of water—will be supplied by the British army. As a mark of extraordinary favour, British personnel will be entrusted with the custody of the missiles. But the nuclear war-heads will be under the sole control of US officers, acting—and this is the point—not in their capacity as Nato commanders, but as American citizens. For America still refuses to repeal the McMahon Act. Britain, it seems, can be trusted to commit national suicide in America's defence, but not to share American nuclear secrets.

Nor is this all. Last month, Mr Macmillan assured the Commons that Britain would at least retain a negative control over the use of the bases. It now seems that even this slender measure of national sovereignty is to be denied us. The American experts at the Washington talks are insisting that some of the circumstances in which the missiles are to be unleashed must be defined in the standing orders of the American base-commanders; that there will not be time to consult governments, and that in certain cases the pressing of the button must be an automatic reflex. In strict logic, they are right. For, if everything is to be sacrificed to the speed of the deterrent, political control is a luxury we can no longer afford.

Even on the assumptions on which American policy is based—that the size of the deterrent is the surest guarantee of peace—this agreement makes no sense for Britain. The Gaither Report has revealed that, irrespective of any efforts which America may now make, the Soviet preponderance in advanced weapons has now reached such an absolute stage that America's national survival will depend, until 1961 at least, on 'Russian benevolence'. If this is true of America, it is true, *a fortiori*, of Britain. What madness, then, to strain this benevolence still further by allowing ourselves to be used as a launching-platform for weapons aimed exclusively at Soviet cities! To some extent, as the Gaither Report shows, America's peril can be mitigated by the construction of a civil defence system at a cost of $20,000 million. We shall lack even this marginal safeguard; for we have not the means to embark on expenditure on this scale.

Meanwhile, there is no sign that western statesmen are exploring the alternatives to these horrors with anything except cynicism and indifference. In their joint nationwide TV appearance, Eisenhower and Dulles qualified their promise made to the European Nato nations to seek fresh negotiations with Russia by adding that such talks must be 'realistic'. This is the pure language of double-think. To quote Mr Dulles' own words, America is engaged in a world contest against 'materialistic atheism'—thus becoming the first country to conduct its foreign policy on a religious basis since Spain under Philip II. And by posing the problem in terms of absolute good and evil, realism is automatically banished; for, to paraphrase Mr Bevan, good and evil are social standards, and they cease to exist when society itself is destroyed. You cannot be good if you are dead.

Comments on the Week's News

Staring into Hell

The rumpus in Washington over the Gaither report illustrates the incomprehensible manner in which the American government seems to work. The report was marked Top Secret, but its findings have been substantially leaked. Experts testified before the committee that the Soviet military lead over the US was now 'absolute', and that, until 1961, America would depend for its national survival on 'Russian benevolence', rather than its own capacity to defend itself. The evidence, it seems, was so alarming that two of the committee's members fainted during the hearings, another had a heart attack, and yet a fourth confessed to the *Herald Tribune's* Stewart Alsop: 'I felt as though I was spending ten hours a day staring straight into Hell'. Yet last Saturday, when Mr Hagerty, Eisenhower's press secretary, was asked about the report, he replied that it did not indicate that the US was weak in comparison with Russia. 'The report,' he stated, 'says just the opposite.' In any case, he added, the evidence it contains had already long since been given to a number of congressional committees. To complicate matters still further, Mr Charles Wilson, the Secretary of Defence when the committee was appointed, says he has never heard of Gaither. 'I don't know,' said Wilson, 'what his qualifications are and I don't think his comments are especially valuable.' A sane man, trying to follow these nuclear lunacies, might be pardoned for considering it important to get this confusion cleared up. For if it is true that America's survival depends on 'Russian benevolence', then the West's entire cold war strategy is, to put it mildly, in need of revision.

Dole Queues in the Island

The sad news of the redundancies at Saunders-Roe spotlights not so much any particular incompetence by the government, still less the firm (or any particular malevolence in Bonn), as a general situation in the aircraft industry which may easily lead to widespread redundancy in the next few years. Vast sums of public money have been spent since the war in maintaining this industry at a level which could be justified only if it were both the heart of British war-potential and a substantial exporter of new types of military aircraft to the rest of the world. For some years after 1945, the British technical lead in gas turbines and the probable development of aerial warfare made these assumptions reasonable – though even then a combination of over-insurance by the military planners and skilful lobbying by the industry led to a great deal of waste. Recently, however, the development of missile warfare has knocked the stuffing out of the government's policy towards this industry. For the day of the fighter aircraft is past; and it was the military requirements of Fighter Command which more than anything else carried the overheads of the basic research which is being so brilliantly exploited, already in the Viscount and conceivably in the Britannia and the Comet. The labour prospect now is gloomy: there is no prospect of British missile-development catching up with American quickly enough to enable the industry to maintain anything like its present labour-force on missile production. Nor can the government, without the requirement of conventional fighters and bombers, justify the immense diversion of public funds to aircraft research which would make possible further and comparable strides forward. If this prognosis is well-based, there is going to be a good deal of redundancy in the industry. Generally this is likely to occur in areas where alternative opportunities will be found without too much difficulty – so long as Mr Thorneycroft does not make all productive investment impossible. But the Isle of Wight is a special case: to a far greater extent even than Northern Ireland, its working population is dependent on the prosperity of this one firm. Moreover, the opportunities even in the neighbouring districts on the mainland are scanty. If the Saunders-Roe dismissals occur on the scale that now seems likely, unemployment on the Island may rise to the intolerable level of ten per cent of the working population. This prospect calls for urgent action by the government – not necessarily to prop up Saunders-Roe, but to attract alternative sources of employment.

Standstill or Slide?

At the end of the year sterling was stronger, and production rather higher, than was expected in the autumn. So far, the economy has marked time, and dear money has done no more than check the boom. Yet the long-term effects of the high Bank rate on investment and production have yet to be felt, and they will begin to be felt just as the British economy meets a decline in the buying power of the primary producers and as the slowdown in the US begins to react on Europe. No one can yet decide how serious the setback in the US is going to be. Most of the predictions suggest that unemployment may rise to something over 4 million; that the output of durable consumer goods may decline; and that a slight rise in prices may lead to a gross national income about equal to the 1957 level in money terms. There will be, that is, no expansion at all this year, and possibly a decline in output of about 6 per cent. This means fairly substantial underemployment of the labour force – for to actual unemployment must be added the number of school-leavers who postpone entry and ageing workers who retire rather earlier – and, especially in such basic industries as steel, autos and rubber, of productive capacity. If, by cheaper money and bigger defence spending, the recession can be held at this level, this 'pause' need be no worse than the 'shake-out' of 1949. But it means, for the moment, a new battle of the budget, as the administration tries to balance the demand for tax-cuts against the demand for increased defence effort. For the economic setback is going to mean a shortfall in revenue.

Afro-Asian Oratory

Egyptian 'Victory Day' celebrations made a stimulating prelude to the Afro-Asian Conference which started in Cairo last week. The victory celebrated was the first anniversary of the withdrawal of the Anglo-French invasion forces from Port Said – not the victory of the Israelis against the Egyptians. Before a vast audience in a bombed area, President Nasser declared that Egypt's triumph in Suez, proved that the policy of positive neutrality was sound. War would be inevitable if the world were to be separated into two camps. 'By upholding and propagating the policy of positive neutralism and non-alignment, we are endeavouring to alleviate tension, remove the threat of war and consolidate world peace', he concluded. This policy was the main plank of the Bandung Conference in Indonesia two years ago when world tension was focused on the danger of war in the Pacific. It remains the policy of most of the non-Communist governments which were represented. The Afro-Asian Conference is a different affair altogether; it represents not governments, but a variety of Communist and fellow-travelling organisations as well as many others whose slogan is also anti-colonialism. This is the rallying point for popular feeling throughout the Asian and African worlds; and many colonial issues (Goa, West Irian, Algeria, Kenya, Formosa are all thrown together by many speakers in Cairo) remain as the continuing basis of propaganda against the West. Making the most of the occasion the Soviet delegate, Mr Arzumanian offered unconditional help, adding for good measure that they had one way to accumulate capital themselves 'by taking it from the colonial profiteers in your countries'. 'Tell us what you need and we can help you', he said. It will be interesting to see how far this fulsome and optimistic promise is taken up; the more experienced ministers will notice that Russia has not so far given anyone any aid (apart from weapons) that has not been paid for, either directly or by barter. But even if Russia is not as good as her word – which has still to be proved – the promise is effective as a reply to the US whose aid is in Asia generally associated with military strings rather than with urgently needed economic development.

A Shift in Singapore

Abnormal press-times in Christmas week prevented an earlier comment on last month's City Council elections in Singapore. The new council has now met and clearly demonstrated the tenor of political feeling in the city. Symbolically its first action was to remove the mace, while the only councillor to speak in English was immediately booed. It is obvious that the newly-released feelings of nationalism are first directed against Britain and the West. The electorate had been increased tenfold since citizenship rights had been given to Chinese residents. Only a third of the new electorate voted—mainly, it seems, the younger Chinese citizens. As could be expected from previous experience, the electoral pact of the two left-wing parties, the Labour Front and the People's Action Party, bore greater fruit for the extreme PAP. Thirteen of their 14 candidates were elected, whereas the Labour Front secured only four seats from its 16 contests. The right-wing Liberal Socialists gained seven, the United Malay National Organisation four, and David Marshall's irresponsibles the remaining four. The new municipal set-up is bound to have its repercussions on the wider political situation in Singapore. Lim Yew Hock and Lee Kuan Yew, leaders of the Labour Front and PAP, have recently come closer together.

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Now, however, Mr Lee's bargaining power has been greatly strengthened. The result of the struggle between Communists and Socialists in the PAP is still to be determined. It is now even more the decisive factor for the future of Singapore.

Upwards and Onward

Among those whom the Queen (or rather the Prime Minister) has been delighted to honour this year, it is particularly agreeable to notice the names of Dr Julian Huxley and of George Benson MP, who has always worked indefatigably for penal reform. At this point one would naturally have expected Miss Margery Fry to have become a Dame. Rose Macaulay must be chuckling to find herself with such a fine Establishment appendage to her name. Other interesting names are Barbara Hepworth, Louis MacNeice and Oliver Messel. Taking these together with Denis Compton and other figures in the world of sport, the conclusion must be that Mr Macmillan's selection is rather less stuffy than that of most of his predecessors. His choice of peers has naturally been limited by his party's present need to avoid unnecessary by-elections.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

The Eggheads Vindicated?

The end of the year found the Eisenhower Administration wallowing in the roughest political seas it has known in the five years of its existence. It is hard to believe that only twelve months have passed since the President launched his second term in a euphoric glow, with every prospect for a continuingly lush economy, reduced taxes, and routine prosecution of a cold war which seemed to have settled down to a way of life at which we could hold our own.

The picture today is rather different. While it would be an exaggeration to call it downright gloomy, the euphoria has vanished, which is probably all to the good. On the economic front, unemployment is up sharply, with predictions of worse to come. The conservative *United States News and World Report* predicts a peak of five million unemployed 'before the present setback in business ends', and Secretary of Labour Mitchell, in the classic tradition of governments, already has a euphemism to describe the trend. This is not a recession, he says, but merely a 'cyclical adjustment'. Mr Mitchell assures us that we will not hit the danger mark of six million unemployed, which may or may not be cheering to the three million or so who are already out of work while prices continue to inch upwards.

More dramatic, for the country as a whole, has been the series of shocks in other sections of our national life. Little Rock revealed a powerful segment of the South still dangerously far from resigned to accepting the law of the land. The highly publicised fizzle of the Vanguard rocket, coming on top of signal Russian successes, was a blow to American pride unmatched since Pearl Harbour. The President's stroke deepened a growing conviction that we have been getting part-time leadership in a full-time crisis, and his gallant journey to Paris succeeded only in underscoring his reduced effectiveness.

Politics being what it is, these national setbacks, temporary as they may be, have in a partisan sense greatly improved Democratic fortunes. A recent Gallup Poll showed that if a Congressional election were held now, 53 per cent of the voters would be for the Democrats, which would appreciably tighten their grip on both Houses. Even more significant, people are putting the blame for our loss of scientific ground to the Russians 'on Eisenhower and the Republicans' more than on any other single factor.

With a wary eye on the trend, Vice-President Nixon seems to be redoubling his efforts to promote the Republican cause in the big cities, where traditional Democratic majorities must be held to a minimum if his party is to stand a chance of national success. Majority groups are the special object of his attention, and trade unionists have been assured that the administration will oppose all drastic labour legislation in spite of some sentiment for it in Congress. Both Nixon and Mitchell are clearly aware that even a 'cyclical adjustment' tends to frighten stray wage-workers, both white and coloured, back into the party of Roosevelt.

With his party's stock rising steadily, a surprising revival of Stevenson sentiment is to be found. The President's attitude toward his recent Democratic consultant was grudging at best and that of some lesser Republicans was downright insulting, but the simple fact that Stevenson's advice on foreign policy was sought has returned him to the centre of the stage. 'Two months ago,' one Democratic leader is quoted as saying, 'Adlai was the worst possible drawing card for a fund-raising dinner in my state. Now he's probably better than Truman.' It may mean that Democrats now feel they can win even with a twice-defeated candidate, or it may just be part of the drama currently being enacted all over the country entitled 'Vindication of the Egghead'.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

Sans Souci

Our Paris Correspondent writes: A few weeks ago, the French Institute of Public Opinion, at the request of the weekly *L'Express*, made a survey of the opinions of young French people. The questions – put to a cross-section of the under-30s – ranged from politics to sex, and the analysis of the answers has led to a good many raised eyebrows in Paris. Thus, only 4 per cent of those questioned believed that they could have any influence whatsoever on public affairs in their country, and this fundamental scepticism about their political role is reflected in an almost total lack of interest in politics. Nevertheless, in reply to the question 'Are you happy in your present life?', 85 per cent gave a positive answer (most declared themselves 'happy enough' or 'almost happy'). After watching the Christmas jollifications in Paris, I'm inclined to think that this percentage would remain roughly the same if the question were put to the French people as a whole. After a decade of colonial wars and shifting coalition governments, France is becoming more and more 'depoliticised'. All French newspaper and magazine editors will endorse this statement: political headlines on the front page, they claim, depress sales. In contrast, however, despite the crisis in the external balance of payments, and the recent swing back into the inflationary spiral, there is still a marked atmosphere of prosperity in France, and there are material reasons for its people to consider themselves 'happy enough'.

The big Paris department stores have never had such a good Christmas season. Luxuries are selling just as fast as household necessities, and a shop in the fashionable Faubourg St Honoré recently complained that it had run out of its latest line in de luxe blouses – priced at 10,000 francs – 200 of which had been sold within a few days. Frenchmen must still wait several years for a two-hp Citroen, and there is a long waiting list for Renaults and Peugeots. When the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas launched a new issue for an overseas mining corporation, Cofimer, Parisians queued all night to buy shares, and the list was fully subscribed within a few hours. The people in the queue were, for the most part, ordinary *petites épargnants* – the sort of Frenchmen who used to invest their savings in the Suez Canal.

To be sure, this superficial prosperity is itself a sign of economic ill-health, and one of the principal causes of the balance of payments crisis. Its continuance will depend on France's ability to negotiate new loans from America and West Germany. But most French people are unwilling to look too far ahead; uninterested in politics, they are unaware that the Algerian war is steadily undermining their future living standards. Hence, although it is true to say that France is 'the sick man of Europe', the sickness has essentially political, rather than economic, origins; for if the £700 million annual drain of the Algerian operations could be blocked, France would rapidly return to economic stability. But for this to happen would require precisely the reversal in the current French attitude to politics which most Frenchmen seem so unwilling to make.

NEXT WEEK

Thoughts on the Bank
by T. BALOGH

The Age of Louis XIV
by JOHN BERGER
who returns as art critic

Fleet Street

Elizabeth and Eva

Newspapers are notoriously difficult to fill over holiday periods. It is not quite true that when journalists take holidays the world stands still but it often seems like it when, after the blissful emptiness of Christmas Day and Boxing Day without newspapers – except, of course, in Scotland – the presses roar again with what ought to be three days' news. However, on this occasion the Queen, Miss Eva Bartok and the Aga Khan, not to mention such lesser matters as the Soviet offer of economic aid to Africa and Asia, the cancellation of development plans for the SR177, Sir Hugh Foot's horseback tour of Cyprus villages, and the Treasury's year-end *Bulletin for Industry*, all combined to give sub-editors a chance to fill with a flourish the gap left by two days' respite from headlines.

In this mixed field, both the *Mail* and the *News Chronicle* had no doubt that the Queen was the obvious front-page winner in popular appeal. 'The Queen's TV Triumph', proclaimed the *News Chronicle* across eight columns. 'A Seven-Minute Triumph' echoed the *Mail* across the same number. They were the only two actually to lead with what was, after all, two-days-old

news. But the sentiments they expressed in banner headlines were voiced with only a shade less assertiveness by almost all the rest of the papers. Indeed both sub-editors and leader-writers nearly ran themselves short of adjectives in trying to explain to readers – most of whom must have seen and been able to judge for themselves – just what the Queen had achieved.

But if the praise was almost unanimous, it was not quite so. There were two discordant voices: the *Daily Worker* and the *Daily Express*. To the *Daily Worker* it was all 'reminiscent of Speech Day at a particularly horrible girls' school' at which 'the function of words is to conceal thoughts not to reveal them'. Such a judgment was hardly likely to surprise the *Worker's* followers. What the *Express* had to say may have been more of a shock to its readers, to judge from some subsequent letters. In line with what seems to be the current Beaverbrook response to royal occasions, as previously exemplified by the contributions of Miss Anne Edwards, the *Express* decided that what was called for was a bouquet liberally laced with thorns. This time Mr Donald Edgar, a one time William Hickey who some time back showed his capacities as a commentator on royalty with a series of articles on the Duke of Edinburgh's education, was given the job. Mr Edgar was 'very moved . . . moved to the point of tears'. But why, oh why, asked the sensitive Mr Edgar, warming to his task, 'was the Queen sitting at that horrible little desk surrounded by a bewildering mass of Christmas cards?' And why, oh why, 'was she wearing that dress'. It was, said Mr Edgar, 'fussy with that great big bow'. It was 'muddled and untidy'. Hadn't anyone, he asked, 'the courage and the sense to tell her that it was the wrong dress for black and white TV'? As for her make-up! Why was it so bad? And why, oh why, were 'the shadows on her features all in the wrong place'? And then she was 'made to read her speech from behind that stupid bouquet'. No wonder Mr Edgar was moved to tears. By the time he had done there was not much left of that 'technical triumph' the *Mail* talked about.

Mr Edgar's contribution to the spirit of Christmas had the effect of annoying the *Daily Sketch* considerably. The following day it ran a large double-column leader on its front page chiding the *Express* for its disloyal habits. This was more prominence than had been given to the Queen herself. The Queen was wonderful; but to both the *Sketch* and the *Mirror* Miss Eva Bartok was the news. The report that the Marquis of Milford Haven had been to call on Miss Bartok and her baby at 'the little white-washed Surrey Cottage', knocked both of them sideways. Each devoted the entire front page of its first issue for three days to the momentous news.

Miss Bartok, who had earlier said rather plaintively: 'I want to spend Christmas as a mother not a film star', must have begun to feel like a character out of J. B. Priestley's last TV play by the time the long day was done. The pressmen watching the house did not desert their post of public duty until long after midnight. By that time the *Mail* – going further than even the *Mirror* or the *Sketch* – was telling the world 'The Marquis to wed Eva Bartok?', and all the other popular papers, with the exception of the *News Chronicle*, were up to their knees in romantic speculation. Only the Aga Khan, one suspects, saved Miss Bartok from further treatment in the Sunday papers. Has he or has he not 'quarrelled with his mother over girls'? That was the question. 'Aga Khan Vanishes from Hotel. Differences over Sylvia', shouted the *Empire News*. 'Aga's Mother Says "We're Not Having a Row Over Sylvia"', proclaimed the *Sunday Express*, while the *Sunday Dispatch* told its readers in vivid prose that 'a tired and angry Aga Khan' had arrived at Gstaad in Switzerland after a '14-hour drive through snow', flung his arms round his father's former nurse, Miss Poppe, and sobbed 'I am so unhappy. I have quarrelled with Mummy'.

Amidst all these excitements I am glad to report that one newspaper kept its head. Disdaining romantic and domestic fripperies the *News of the World* kept its austere tryst with reality. Its front-page offering was 'Bride-To-Be Strangled Five Days Before Wedding'. This was nicely sited next to a box in a border of stars: 'A Happy New Year To All Our Readers'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Maltese Melodrama

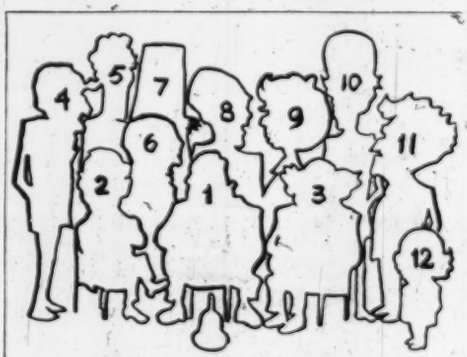
THE exasperation which has led to this week's Maltese melodrama is the product of two years' Tory procrastination. It was obvious early in 1956, when the Round Table Conference proposal of integration was debated in London, that many Tories disliked the idea. Still, there were minds in the Cabinet powerful enough to grasp the importance of integration as a means of preserving the mutual interest of the British and Maltese peoples. The struggle has raged ever since, at one time concentrating on the constitutional issue; at another on the economic commitments. The tragedy is that, as in so many other fields, lack of government decision has exacerbated suspicions, wasted time, and thus induced crisis.

Nevertheless, although progress has been so slow as to infuriate the Maltese, certain important advances have been made. Parliamentary approval for Maltese integration in the UK was the first and biggest step forward, for that opened the way to a rising standard of life in Malta which can be achieved in no other way. Mr Mintoff has never adequately recognised the economic significance of this political achievement. In this context, the economic agreement reached between the UK and Maltese governments last July is of particular social importance. When the British government agreed that, if unemployment in Malta should become heavier than that in the UK, special measures would be taken, Malta was promised virtually the status of a development area. Such a guarantee of special treatment, which exceeds anything promised to the dockyard workers of Britain, is a prize not lightly to be thrown away. Finally, considerable effort has been made over the past few months to interest commercial firms in the possibilities of development in the island. Only next week Vickers were to have sent a team to explore the possibilities of using the dockyard commercially.

Although the British government is mainly responsible for the atmosphere of mistrust and suspicion which now pervades Valletta, and although Mr Mintoff has become understandably exasperated, his present tactics are none the less disastrous to the interests of the Maltese people. The need now is surely for cool minds rather than nationalistic theatricals. If Mr Mintoff had moved his resolution threatening to sever ties with Britain as a sudden dignified gesture, it might well have served to awaken the British people to the procrastination of their laggard government. Unfortunately this latest action is only the culmination of a series of defiant statements and resignation dramas. No doubt Mr Mintoff has been under heavy internal pressures; but what appeals as nationalist patriotism to the crowds in Valletta may strike the rest of the world as histrionic and irresponsible. What is more, the claim which Mr Mintoff makes for the British government to guarantee immediate re-employment of all redundant Maltese workers is not a claim for 'equivalence' but a demand for a unique privilege. No such absolute guarantee was ever made or even envisaged in this country.

In moving his separatist resolution, Mr Mintoff has at least secured the support of Dr Borg Olivier and the Nationalist opposition, and has certainly roused the anti-British nationalistic feelings of the Maltese workers. But by the same action he has gambled with the confidence of his friends in Britain and, more important, of many firm supporters of integration. He may well have seriously damaged the prospects of his own country. Industrialists are likely to look askance at his tactics, and it is very possible that those within the Cabinet who are believed to have secured a decision favourable to Mr Mintoff on the constitutional status of Malta will no longer be able to hold the approval of their colleagues. It has never been a secret that there are voices within the Labour Party critical of both Mr Mintoff and integration: it is they who are gloating.

Yet the real case for integration stands unchallenged. No other policy can at the same time satisfy both the legitimate claims of the people of Malta for a modern standard of life and the honourable relations of Britain with the island. Certainly there is no British interest, military or otherwise, which could conceivably justify a 'Cypriot' policy. Moreover, Mr Mintoff, with all his love of melodrama, remains the one Maltese leader capable of representing his people and reaching a just agreement with Britain. Delays, indecisions and confusions of policy in London have already darkened the happy glow which suffused Britain's relations with Malta two years ago. It is now the urgent duty of the British government to lay before parliament and the Maltese people its detailed timetable for integration, and to clinch the deal before tempers become so frayed as to make impossible the continued friendship of our two peoples.



KEY TO THE NEW YEAR CABINET

1. Prime Minister: *Lord Hailsham*
2. Foreign Secretary: *A. J. P. Taylor*
3. Chancellor of the Exchequer: *Victor Gollancz*
4. Minister of Agriculture: *Lord Boyd-Orr*
5. Minister of Education: *John Osborne*
6. Minister of Labour: *T. S. Eliot*
7. Minister of Health: *Dame Edith Sitwell*
8. Home Secretary: *Malcolm Muggeridge*
9. Lord Chancellor: *Bertrand Russell*
10. Minister of Defence: *Capt. Liddell Hart*
11. Colonial Secretary: *Kingsley Martin*
12. Duchy of Lancaster (Responsible for Information): *Vicky*

Nemesis of Being Too Late

It is probable that all the great historical catastrophes of recent times could have been avoided but for the occupational disease of statesmen – the habit of acting too late. The 1914 war started the cycle of events which has brought death into our world and all our woe. At the last moment every European statesman (except the egregious Count Berchtold) – even the Kaiser – was trying frantically to prevent war breaking out – too late, too late. As the Austrian ambassador bewailed to Sir Edward Grey, the proposals for stopping the events which were hurrying Europe into war were always too late – they had already been caught up and passed by new events making war inevitable. So, too, with Hitler. If Britain and France – not to speak of the US – had resisted him in his first aggressions, the catastrophe of the 1939 war might possibly have been avoided.

We stand today, just as we did in the years 1907-1914 and 1933-1939, faced by one of these fatal crises of history which, if it can be solved at all, can only be solved by a positive act of statesmanship. And once more our statesmen seem determined to be too late; month after month passes and they continue to take none of the steps which might stop the wheel of events moving inevitably to a third war. There can be no doubt or dispute as to what the situation and this wheel of events are. They have been described accurately by Mr Priestley, Lord Russell, and Mr Krushchev in the NEW STATESMAN. We and the rest of Europe are involved in an arms race between the two great powers, the US and USSR, and the arms in question – the nuclear and hydrogen bombs and warheads – have reached a pitch of destructive development such that, if they are used, if in fact war breaks out, the people and cities of the countries involved in the war will be literally wiped off the face of the earth.

No sensible man can feel sure that the 1939 war could and should have been avoided. The enormous power and hysterical minds of the German people were at the complete disposal of a criminal lunatic and a company of megalomaniac thugs; and when a lunatic runs amok, the only way to deal with him may be to hit him hard on the head: But the 1914 war was utterly senseless and the war which the USSR and US are preparing to fight with hydrogen bombs today would be even more senseless – senseless, because, though there are questions of the utmost importance upon which the Communists and the West differ profoundly, they are questions which could not possibly be settled by war and are not worth the bones even of a dog sacrificed in a sputnik.

This article proposes to consider a single, severely practical question: what positive policy should a government, and in particular a British government, adopt today, what positive acts should it immediately take, in order to prevent war? It is a very difficult question to answer and, perhaps because of that, it is practically never faced bleakly by even the most distinguished opponents of the present policy of the US and Britain. The danger and the difficulty of the situation today are the arms race. Every arms race in modern times between great powers, unless it is stopped by a positive act of statesmanship, has and always inevitably will end in war. An arms race is a wheel of policy which statesmen start revolving under the impetus of fear, and unless it is stopped and reversed it must produce war. Each side – today the USSR and US – is convinced that its only safety is to be stronger than the other, for only when it is stronger than the other will it be able to 'negotiate from a position of strength'. But under the impetus of fear and hatred which both cause and are engendered by the arms race, the objects of policy and negotiation, the actual disagreements or disputes, are completely lost sight of and guns, rockets, missiles and bombs become ends in themselves. Two years ago the US was 'in a position of strength' but there was no negotiation; today the USSR is

VICKY'S NEW YEAR CABINET

'A country neglects its eggheads at its peril . . . it is time we got together'

—Lord Hailsham

'in the position of strength' and again there is no negotiation.

When statesmen have contrived to get a wheel of policy of this kind revolving towards war and disconnected from the realities of both national policy and of the lives of ordinary men and women, it is extraordinarily difficult to stop it and make it revolve in the opposite direction. The first step must be to stop the arming and to begin disarmament, for only thus can one begin to stop the fear, which in the end is what pulls the trigger or presses the button which makes the guns and bombs go off. In this country, from a severely practical point of view, our concern is as to what we and our allies, the US, should do in order to take the first step to disarmament. Whether Mr Krushchev is really prepared to disarm the USSR, no man in Britain or America can really know. The only sane policy is to try to find out.

There seems at the moment no prospect at all of the governments of Mr Eisenhower or of Mr Macmillan adopting a sane policy of this kind. The American government is obsessed by the fear of being not as strong as the Russians, by a nightmare of bogies – sputniks, Communists, intercontinental missiles. The Conservatives, having committed suicide in the crowning folly of Suez, are learning that you cannot resurrect a dead government. The only practical question therefore is: what should be the policy of the Labour Party which it should be prepared to implement the moment it is returned to power?

The policy must start from the fact that in recent years the American government, abetted by our own, has made no attempt to come to an agreement on disarmament – on the contrary its policy has consistently made disarmament more difficult; for instance, it has taken steps to bring all the Nato countries into this insane arms race by scattering bombers, nuclear weapons, and 'sites' over the face of Europe. As an ally of the US and a recipient of bombers, hydrogen bombs, and sites, we have every right to a say on this crazy policy of salvation by suicide in Armaggeddon – and the Labour Party should say it. It should say to the American government something like this: 'The present arms race is a policy of suicide and we are not prepared to go on supporting it. The only sane policy is for the US to enter into immediate negotiations with the USSR on the highest level, to offer every kind of disarmament honestly to the Russians and to go on offering and negotiating until it is clear what disarmament they will or will not agree to. Unless this determined, persistent, and honest effort is made, we are not prepared to continue to remain a passive bastion of America in a nuclear war and the rubber stamp to her policy which must make such a war inevitable. And the effort must be made at once or, as in 1914 and 1939, it will be too late. That is why we give you six months' notice: unless within six months you have put before the Russian government and started negotiations on a practical scheme of radical disarmament, we will regretfully require you to withdraw all American troops, planes, and weapons from British soil'.

Such are the bare bones of a practical policy for a Labour government, based not upon the nightmares, bogies, and hallucinations of statesmen, but on the forgotten precepts of common sense. But a British government, still standing in the forefront of America's nuclear war, would have the right to fill in the skeleton with some more solid and particular requirements or suggestions. Here in brief are a few of the most important:

(1) The immediate stopping of all tests of nuclear weapons.

(2) No nuclear weapons of any kind should be given to any state which at present does not possess them. No sites to be constructed in any Nato country pending negotiations.

(3) The disarmament of Nato countries, including Britain, should be offered to the USSR in return for agreement by the USSR to a programme of radical disarmament, including inspection and international control.

(4) Nuclear disarmament must be accompanied by disarmament of all offensive conventional weapons.

(5) The programme of disarmament for the US and USSR, when agreed upon, should be carried out in stages, but should begin immediately. The British government should declare that, as soon as a beginning was made, it would itself immediately stop all manufacture of nuclear weapons.

LEONARD WOOLF

London Diary

I CONTINUE to receive letters from all over the country protesting against nuclear lunacy and missile mania. Some correspondents – a group of Labour people in Aberdeen, for instance – have got up petitions. Others are forming local *ad hoc* committees and trying to stir up local political, religious and union groups. A great many of these correspondents belong to the United Nations Association – a body which, with about 60,000 members, is even more influential at the local level than its numbers would suggest. And I am delighted to read the outspoken comments of its director-general, Charles Judd, in his most recent letter to the branches of UNA. 'What we have to do', he rightly says, 'is to alter the whole climate of opinion in Britain, to get everyone so stirred up that we shall make it the major objective of this country to break up the armaments race, strengthen the United Nations and promote peace'. Many organisations and individuals are already busy. I hope all of them will support the meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday, 17 February, organised by the National Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Tests. The Council, which may soon change its name to fit its broadening objectives, has already received promises to speak from Bertrand Russell, J. B. Priestley, A. J. P. Taylor, Michael Foot and Stephen King-Hall. Here, perhaps, is the real beginning of the national movement we need.

* * *

This extract from an unpublished comment on preparing for nuclear war by Philip Toynbee seems particularly apt.

> The issue has nothing to do with politics. It has little to do with causes and highmindedness. Those who have had at least a partial vision of our destruction are like people who have leant out of the window of an express train and seen that a bridge is down a little further along the line. They are urging the driver and their fellow-passengers that the train should be stopped. But the others reply, many of them from behind their newspapers, that the train can't possibly be stopped because they have important engagements in the city. As for the bridge, it may not be down after all, and even if it is the train will probably manage to jump across it somehow. Besides, it does no good to the reputation of our railways if express trains are to be halted in this way. And finally, we ought surely to be aware that there is another express train coming in the opposite direction which will certainly fall down into the river just as soon as we do.

* * *

One of the few things one can say with confidence about the Parker Tribunal is that it must have strained personal relations between Mr Macmillan and Mr Cobbold, the present Governor of the Bank of England. If inside gossip is to be taken seriously, a scheme is afoot for the appointment of a high Whig journalist, Sir Geoffrey Crowther, to take Mr Cobbold's place. The change, of course, will have to be postponed until memories of the present affair have died away. No choice could be shrewder. When editor of the *Economist*, Sir Geoffrey played the unique role of first persuading the Attlee government to follow his bad advice and then abusing it for the consequences of doing so. He had much to do with the Labour government's fall. No doubt the Conservatives will claim him as yet another 'independent and impartial' expert.

* * *

Truth was a great paper in the days of Labouchere, and it is a shocking thing that it should be killed overnight – deliberately and, I suppose, finally killed, since the proprietors have maintained the copyright without giving the editor, George Scott, a chance to find another backer. Scott has been making a valiant attempt to create a paper of the young rebellious Conservative kind. He has been successful in finding young writers, but those who showed talent were apt to be snapped up by Fleet Street at higher salaries. It has often contained things that I thought silly, such as its attack last week on Mallalieu's presentation of *What the Papers Say* on Granada TV. It has not in my view been sustained by enough solid material or an adequate political focus. But given the time that a weekly paper always needs to establish itself, I think Scott would have turned it into a valuable organ of an unorthodox Conservatism which deserves to be properly represented. It is just because he might have found another backer who would have enabled him to maintain this independent line that he has been treated so scurvily. His late proprietor, Ronald Staples, was an admirer of Sir Anthony Eden; he and his editor were never in accord after Scott and his staff wanted to attack Eden's Suez policy. So Staples made sure that *Truth* should pot tell the truth about the Tories after his death.

* * *

Windom's Way, which I saw the other night at the Leicester Square Cinema, is that rare event – a fast-moving, dramatic film, not lacking in its due proportion of colour, violence and love (Mary Ure) which, nevertheless, tells the truth about a real and complex situation. It doesn't say that it is about Malaya, but it is played, in parts, by Malays, and although it was almost all shot in England, it succeeds to admiration in recalling the atmosphere of a remote Malayan village in revolt against an obstinate and greedy planter (never over-played by Michael Hordern). If it had been made by imperialists, its point would have been that the liberal, understanding Doctor (this heroic part is finely sustained by Peter Finch) was inevitably made a fool of by rebel gangsters who believed only in violence; if it had been written by Communists, then the violence would have been justified by the double-crossing brutality of the European side, which refuses to allow the Malayan peasants to grow rice lest thereby they grow less rubber and became increasingly independent. As it is, we have a play with an honest script by Jill Craigie, which shows that the strong men on both sides both believe in force, both betray the conciliator, and prefer war. This film is about a local war between Communists and imperialists, but it is a microcosm of the world struggle.

* * *

Thank you, thank you, ye green-fingered cyclamen growers. I wish I could print all your letters. But how wonderfully your advice differs! Let me

summarise it. Here's one who says that her cyclamen stands in a saucer with a little water to which she adds every day, at the same time spraying its leaves. She adds that the one fatal thing is central heating. A second says that she has been killing cyclamen every year, but is now successful because she plunges them into tepid water every two or three days 'in a centrally heated house'. Number Three says the essential thing is never to plunge a cyclamen into water. Number Four believes in plunging, but not at any set intervals, just when the plant feels dry. She encloses a plan of the architecture of her house to show where such a plant should stand. Number Five waters it every day from the top around the edges, away from the plant. Number Six also waters hers from the top as often as it gets dry, and is sure that plunging it into water is wrong. Number Seven stands hers in a bowl of water 'contrary to all the rules', and cannot understand her success in having 40 buds on a plant which is now blossoming in its seventh year. Number Eight is very comforting. He begins that 'the secret of keeping a cyclamen' is to keep it 'raised half an inch from the earth', and in that case 'it doesn't matter how you water it or what temperature you keep it in'. One correspondent breaks into verse. The only point of agreement is that a draught is bad. To all of which I must add that my last experiment of plunging my plant half-way up the pot is so far proving a success. Further bulletins will be published if necessary.

* * *

The most surprising headline I have seen this week appeared in the usually sober *Manchester Guardian*: 'Javanese Now Eat Mice', and the article underneath from Vernon Bartlett in Kuala Lumpur said 'According to one minister some 80,000 central Javanese are now reduced to eating field mice'. Really? Can it be as bad as that? I don't think so. The Indonesia account is that the Minister of Economic Affairs was pressed about the food situation in Central Java and explained that, as often happens between planting and harvest, the usual diet of rice is hard to come by and the peasants eat *maize* instead. 'Maize' and 'mice' might sound much the same on the phone? The *Guardian* is investigating, but I am taking a bet that the Indonesian explanation is correct because I can hardly believe that mice could be a considerable item in the diet of 80,000 people!

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Three entries on a postcard.

Having spent many years seeing strange faces of many nations, I believe that this is probably the only country capable of producing faces which carry their pedigree for all to see.—Letter in *Daily Express*. (Fred Drew.)

How can I get my two-year-old daughter interested in television? We sit her in front of the set. She watches for a minute and says: 'Switch it off Mummy'. I should hate to think that my daughter will grow up uninterested in TV.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (Denis M'Quail.)

Mrs Patricia Miller, of Kingston Hill, the club's rally organiser, said today: 'The object of the hunt is to give the members an idea of what actually happens. Those in at the kill will be "blooded" with a mixture of tomato sauce and mud'.—*Evening Standard*. (R. W. Smith.)

Today is Daisy's, the Pekingese's, sixth birthday, and she wishes to send her love to all mankind.—Advt. in *The Times*. (Virginia Paul.)

Built-in Gyroscope

With acknowledgements to Professor Kermit Eby of Chicago University who invented the 'built-in gyroscope' conception of American prosperity.

Prince Nimrod was a hunting man
And kept a famous stable,
He sold the bums a five-year plan
To build the Tower of Babel;
He kept 'em building on and on,
To everyone's enjoyment
For every bloke in Babylon
Was sure of Full Employment;
This (plus Heaven) was Nimrod's dope—
He didn't know the Cold War Gyroscope.

The Taxiarch, St Michael, when
He read the morning papers,
Said: 'Good God, it seems that Men
Are building Heaven-scrapers.'
But, as they tumbled from the rungs
With seven hundred hods,
They blasted in outlandish tongues
Their galaxy of gods.
High-spot Mike said: 'Whoever had a hope?
Top-heavy towers need a gyroscope.'

John Foster has a better scheme,
The nuclear-archaic,
Combining a technician's dream
With ethics Ptolemaic;
Annihilation is the prize
With profits for the present—
For though the piles of weapons rise,
The stocks are obsolescent. . . . . .
Round and round on the slip-easy slope—
Bedlam depends upon the Gyroscope.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Notice to Quit

AT Christmas 1957 six of the fifteen months 'standstill' between the passing of the Rent Act 1957 and the fateful 7 October 1958 have gone by. What is happening in the hundreds of thousands of homes affected by the Act? What is likely to happen next October, and by Christmas 1958? The answers are largely guesswork, but we have enough information and indications to make guessing worth while, or at least interesting. To begin with, it is possible to assess what the rent increases of controlled houses will mean to tenants in a variety of circumstances. How far this Act will succeed—where the 1954 Act failed—in preventing the further deterioration of buildings long neglected is a much more difficult question. But it is the position of tenants in decontrolled properties that is most problematical. How are agreements with owners progressing? How many people are threatened with eviction, and who are they?

That the rent increases permitted in the case of controlled houses are painful at a time when the cost of many necessities continues to rise is undeniable: that they are penal is at least arguable. Consider, for instance, the Adams family. They live in a four-roomed house in London and their rent is £1 9s. 11d. a week inclusive—net, £1 0s. 7d. The gross value of the house is £38. The landlord is responsible for all repairs, so he is entitled to charge two and one-third times this amount, or £88 a year, which works out, with rates at their present level, to an increase of 13s. 5d. or a total of £2 3s. 4d. a week, in two stages. It is probable that local rates will go up in March and that by this time next year the Adams will have had to accustom themselves to 15s. a week additional rent. It is an unpleasant prospect. Mr Adams earns about £11 a week and Mrs Adams £4: they draw 16s. children's allowances. They have paid for their furniture, but weekly instalments on TV and gas cooker come to nearly £1. They can pay £2 3s. 4d. a week rent, but they consider 30s. more than enough for an old place.

The Barstows pay £1 a week for a two-roomed flat, pleasant, but not smart. They do their own interior decorating. The landlord is entitled to charge twice the gross value of £27, which with rates at their present level means an additional rent of 7s. 3d. a week. Mr Barstow's standing wage on the railway is £8 5s., and he does not get much overtime. Mrs Barstow suffers from rheumatism and will soon have to give up her little morning job, so they are worried. By contrast, the Caterers take a fairly cheerful view of the situation. They know quite well that the 28s. a week inclusive for a family house is not enough: they are not responsible for decorations, but do them, and if they have to pay another 10s. or 12s. a week, well, the family income is about £20 a week net, they are lucky to have a house, and grumbling never did any good. Their attitude is not uncommon.

These instances are fairly straightforward, but the majority of houses still subject to control are in a poor state of repair. Our streets were shabby enough when the 'blackout' was lifted: many of them are as miserable looking today. Water drips from broken gutters, paint is cracked and peeling, gates sag on rusty hinges, sunken paths lead to battered and faded doors, for mile after dismal mile. Here and there an enterprising tenant, owner-occupier or determined landlord has repaired and painted, and the contrast is startling. These are not the slums. They are the typical small houses between the centre and suburbs of any town. Interiors vary more than exteriors, because the majority of tenants do a good deal for themselves, whether they are responsible for interior decorations, as is the custom in the north of England, or not. But there is ample material in any case to fill form G. Whether the complicated machinery of the Act will be more effective in improving properties than the simpler method of a Certificate of Disrepair, so useful in the nineteen-thirties, remains to be seen. The present prospect is heavy work for health inspectors and county courts, especially as there is now an implied condition of fitness for dwellings 'having due regard to their age, character and locality', defects due to the absence of a damp-proof course not included (surely plenty of room for argument there). This provision now applies to all lettings at a rent up to £80 a year in London and £52 elsewhere.

More important to the tenant of decontrolled premises than his repairs is his security. In London, where about 190,000 houses are decontrolled by the Act, it is evident that many large companies owning some thousands of flats or houses have come to terms with their tenants and agreements or leases have been signed under which the tenant will have to pay a 20 to 30 per cent increase.

Some of these flat tenants have been enjoying low rents. As an instance, there is a West End block where an unfurnished bed-sitting room flat with kitchen and bathroom has been let for £110 a year, including central heating and hot water and such services as a lift and use of common rooms. The rent of these convenient flats will be raised to £168 a year, and naturally the larger flats will have proportional increases. These percentage increases to gross rents are heavy, but when the cost of heating and services are taken into account the new

rents are certainly not high for the West End of London. It seems likely, on the whole, that large owners are adopting a policy recommended by the Association of Land and Property Owners which urges that 'moderation now will smooth the transfer from control and encourage the government to authorise more extensions of decontrol'—advice which has the merit of plain speaking. But here there must be two notes of warning. It will be the better managed properties to which this information applies, and there are the 10 per cent or more of tenants who have not signed agreements, no doubt because they cannot afford the new rents. It is only too probable that many of them are the elderly, the retired, or those who hope soon to retire and wanted to retain their accommodation.

The policies of small-scale owners vary very widely. Undoubtedly many landlords want to keep their tenants provided they can get what they consider a satisfactory income from their properties. I will give two instances from London houses. This is how the figures work out for a house in a typical half-way suburb of terraces built about 1890: gross value £64, net annual value £44, present inclusive rent £1 16s. 6d. a week, net rent 19s. 8d. If the house were controlled the landlord could demand £3 14s. 1d. a week, net rent £2 17s. 3d., or nearly three times the income he has received so far. He will not do badly if he persuades his tenant to sign an agreement for three or more years on this basis. As for the tenant, he shares the house with relatives – none too comfortably – but between them they can pay the additional rent, and they are to some extent consoled by the prospect of having the house put into thorough repair.

Next, a dingy, old-fashioned tenement house in Camden Town. Here the figures are: gross value £70, net annual value £48, present rent £2 5s. 8d. a week, new maximum rent if the house were controlled £4 2s. 4d. There are three tenants in the house; there is no bathroom and no room for one, but there are separate kitchens. In the present state of London's housing shortage these tenants would have no option but to pay, between them, almost anything the owner demanded. They could, however, delay the evil day by serving a series of forms G until every defect in the house had been remedied to their satisfaction.

But there are some owners who are not interested in rent. They want to sell with vacant possession. In this connection it is as well to note the totally unjustifiable inclusion in the Act of section 11(2) which, with certain safeguards, decontrols new tenancies. It may operate slowly, but it opens a way to a return to chaos which other sections of the Act (and these include the sections on furnished lettings) are carefully framed to prevent. That, however, is another story. The intolerable position now is that tenants are faced with an unequivocal notice to quit their homes next October. A single instance gives the poignant picture. Mr David is 66. He lives in the house where he was born, and his wife has lived there since their marriage forty years ago. When they had notice to quit they went to see the house-owner and asked on what terms they could stay. His answer was 'pay me £3,000 for the house. I mean to sell, and I can get that, with vacant possession'. He can. So the Davids must go; where, no one can say. There must be tens of thousands of people in the same position – the people who cannot pay the increased rents under the Act, and the people who have no option. The argument that because large numbers of people are forced to give up their homes the vacated accommodation will automatically be used to better advantage does not bear examination. In support of it, instances are quoted of the roomy Victorian house in the suburbs inhabited perhaps by an elderly couple or single person. When they have gone – where? – the house will be converted for use by two or three families or pulled down and replaced by a block of flats. So the argument goes. The latter alternative is the more probable: some large houses may make way for new flats, the building financed by insurance companies or land development corporations. In this way a relatively small amount of additional accommodation may be provided for the well-to-do. The dispossessed will usually be elderly people.

It would be unfair to say, therefore, that *no* additional accommodation will result from decontrol: the homeless are by no means all in one income group, and it is too soon to say what the outcome of greater fluidity will be. The great mischief of this Act is in fixing the figures for decontrol at £40 and £30 when the reassessments of April 1956 had brought so many properties above these limits; and in the timing of the Act which coincides with the withdrawal and reduction of subsidies, high building costs, a 7 per cent. bank rate and restrictions on local authority spending. Viewed dispassionately—and it is hard so to view it – the Rent Act 1957 is a piece of legislation devoid of statesmanship, unrelated to a housing policy. One outcome may well be a refugee problem in our own country by Christmas 1958.

IRENE T. BARCLAY

The Record Clubs

IN America and on the Continent record clubs are thriving and widespread. It is, however, only comparatively recently that they have started in this country. At present they are still relatively small concerns, and until the rumpus about their difficulties in placing advertising in a number of periodicals, they had not attracted general attention. But the record trade is acutely aware of their presence and views them with undisguised misgiving, for the clubs represent an entirely new factor. The question is whether they will remain marginal affairs or whether they represent an embryonic challenge to the big record producers and the retailers they sell through.

It is seven years since Decca launched the long-playing record in this country and with it an astonishing boom in classical recordings. With the LP record have come less spectacular but almost equally far-reaching improvements in recording and reproduction, so that in recent years the overall attractiveness of gramophone records has been enormously enhanced. The curious thing is that Board of Trade figures show that only one out of every six records pressed in Britain in the first nine months of this year was in fact long-playing. This fact suggests that the potential market for LP discs is still far from fully exploited. Until recently their sale was held back by the comparative rarity and costliness of machines able to play them, and an article in the *Financial Times* of 20 December estimates that in this country only one family in ten is able to play LP discs. But the price of such equipment has of late fallen considerably so that the price of equipment is a diminishing hindrance to the sale of LP records. What stands in the way now is the price of the discs themselves.

It is precisely at this point that record clubs come into the picture. The average price of a 12-inch LP disc of classical music is in the region of £2, with additional cheaper lines put out by EMI and Philips at 35s. 10d. and 33s. 8½d. respectively, while a ten-incher averages around 30s. But two clubs issue twelve-inch discs at 25s. or less, and one of them offers ten-inchers for as little as 14s. 11d. This last and much-publicised figure does not, however, represent an entirely equitable basis for comparison, for in this case there is a monthly membership fee of 2s. 6d. and an optional sleeve costs 1s. extra. Nonetheless the gap in price remains large. But before discussing what sort of recordings the clubs in fact offer at these low prices, it may be as well first to glance briefly at the clubs themselves.

There are at present only three record clubs in Great Britain, although there appears some likelihood that they will be joined by at least one other in the coming months. The three already in existence are, in order of seniority, the World Record Club, the Classics Club and the Record Society. Although they all function in broadly the same manner, the conditions they offer vary, and the Record Society stands somewhat apart in character. The World Record Club charges no membership fee, issues a single monthly choice which costs 24s., or 21s. 6d. if collected from the club's showroom in the Edgware Road, and additional specials which may cost up to 27s. A member is obliged to buy only one monthly choice in 12. The Classics Club charges a monthly membership fee of 2s. 6d. (which covers postage) and issues three or four discs a month, which cost 14s. 11d. for a ten-inch (with an optional sleeve at 1s.) and 25s. for a twelve-inch disc. Membership entails no obligation to buy a record. The Record Society, which is affiliated to the Folio (book) Society, is a rather more glossy affair, with premises in Mayfair, and aims at a more selective public. It charges 10s. annual membership fee, which entails no obligation to buy a record, 25s. for ten-inch and 35s. for 12-inch discs, which are issued in particularly attractive and luxurious sleeves. The one group of records so far issued suggests a preference for music well off the beaten track, some of which has not hitherto been available on disc in this country.

As these conditions make plain, the term 'club' is essentially a polite camouflage. Both the Classics Club and, in a more subdued manner, the World Record Club issue monthly news-letters whose purpose is to foster a sense of fellowship with and of belonging to the 'club'. But fundamentally these are mail order businesses, whose ability to offer discs so cheaply stems directly from their ability to cut out the wholesaler and retailer and distribute their products directly to the public. There are, however, other reasons for their low prices. The size of membership helps them to calculate the potential sales for each disc, while in the absence of a catalogue they are not obliged to maintain a great range of slow-selling discs. The essence of their business lies in quick sales of a very limited number of discs in predetermined quantities. At present they rely mainly on the recordings of foreign clubs and, to a lesser extent, on buying up recordings that the companies have deleted from their catalogues. Both World Record Club and, latterly, Classics Club have started to record here, but this still represents a limited proportion of their output.

The potential threat that these small companies represent to the record trade as it is at present constituted in this country can be measured by the widespread opposition they have incurred. Some of this expresses itself on rather an elementary level. The clubs are accused of 'cashing in' on the record boom, as though there were something immoral about meeting an evident public demand for cheap records. In addition there are complaints that the clubs exploit an ignorant public by issuing inferior records, and that the public is obliged to buy them blindfold. The latter point

is not entirely true, for the World Record Club despatches records on invoice and, like the Record Society offers listening facilities in London. In so far as the faults lie in imperfect copies, all three companies undertake in reasonable conditions to change unsatisfactory copies. In so far as any failing may lie in the performance or recording itself rather than in a particular copy, the public's best protection would surely lie in reviews of club discs in newspapers and periodicals. From this point of view it is unfortunate that *The Gramophone* has refused to carry reports of the review copies it has received, on the grounds that club discs do not form part of a permanent catalogue and are thus only of ephemeral interest.

Are these club recordings in fact inferior? Certainly very few that I have heard could face competition with the discs issued by the big companies. But that is hardly the point. The real question is whether they represent value for money. I have no space here for proper reviews, but let me briefly indicate my impressions of the discs I have heard. The last two monthly issues of the World Record Club seem to me to offer extremely good value at their price. The case of the Record Society is complicated by its higher prices, but provided that one uses the 10s. membership fee to buy more than one record, here too I think that the value is not unreasonable.

The Classics Club is harder to assess. The standards of the records I have heard proved uneven, and ranged from one disc that struck me as extremely good value, through two that seemed very adequate for their price, to a fourth in which the recording was such as to exclude it from further consideration. But with the exception of this last disc, I have come across no record that could justify root and branch condemnation of club recordings. There is, I feel, a good deal of humbug about suggestions that the clubs are debauching the musical taste of the public. If these stern guardians of aesthetic standards have their way, the Festival Hall will doubtless be shut for four nights a week, there are likely to be striking gaps in the *Radio Times*, and Covent Garden will open its august portals only on bank holidays. It is a tribute to the standards maintained by the big record companies that many people instinctively feel that only the best is good enough for recording. But I cannot see why the quality/price relations that are usual in a vast range of products from asparagus to zithers should not obtain in the field of gramophone records.

The real source of opposition to record clubs lies in the long-term effect that their success might have on the retail trade. The big companies all maintain extremely extensive catalogues of classical music, which are in fact heavy capital investments, and the size of which can be gathered from the fact that Decca's recording of *Der Rosenkavalier* cost no less than £20,000. But for the most part these classical recordings are slow-selling and necessarily involve problems of distribution and stock-carrying. For this the companies are dependent on a network of wholesale distributors and retailers, and anything that weakens this network strikes at the viability of the catalogues and the huge investments they represent. There is a further point here. You buy a book from a bookseller and that is the end of the matter, for your eyes are your own, and it is not a bookseller's job to maintain them in working order. A record shop not only sells records but the machines they are played on, and also provides technical attention when the machines go wrong. But of course the whole financial basis of the clubs, as of all mail-order business, lies precisely in the fact that they exclude the wholesaler and retailer. Thus it would be wrong to suppose that the companies are opposed to the clubs merely as new competitors. Their opposition is based on what they see as a fundamental and head-on clash of interest.

The clubs' answer to this is that they introduce an entirely new public to the habit of buying records, and that in the long run the companies stand to benefit from anything that extends the record market. As evidence of this Mr Norman Lonsdale, the managing director of World Record Club, instances America, where he asserts that the initial opposition of retailers to clubs has been overcome because the clubs have not only increased total sales but have stimulated retail buying. And to sustain his argument that there is no long-term clash of interests between clubs and companies, he points out that Columbia, RCA Victor and, experimentally, Capitol, have all started clubs of their own. On the other hand Mr E. R. Lewis of Decca, whose extraordinary success in recent years demands that he be heard with particular attention, maintains that in America clubs and price-cutting have between them undermined retailers to a point where few of them carry extensive stocks. Decca have large interests in America but Mr Lewis has refused to start a club there, on the grounds that 'You cannot have your cake and eat it. You cannot rely on your retailer and at the same time compete with him'. I have no means of assessing the validity of either argument. But it occurs to me that they are perhaps not as conflicting as they appear, and that the companies have been forced to found clubs precisely because their retail outlets have been weakened. In any case American experience is not necessarily applicable to the

January

You could do worse than reflect, as you return from Richmond or Blackheath, upon the beginnings of the game you have just enjoyed. Before Tom Brown started his schooldays, football was just football and a remarkably uninhibited game at that. One thing, however, you could *not* do: you could not carry the ball. The young gentleman at Rugby School who, in 1823, 'picked up the ball and ran with it' was guilty therefore of a quite spectacular foul—yet from it came the game which nowadays draws thousands to every stronghold of Rugby football. Even the Midland Bank cannot stand aloof; for the cashier who, on Saturday morning, attends with a fine urbanity to your needs may well, on Saturday afternoon, be covered with mud and glory in a valiant battle for points. Well, that's banking. And Rugby football.

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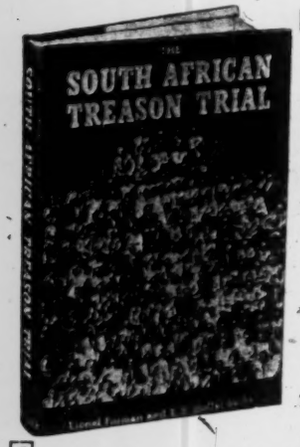
very different conditions of the English market, where taste is more resolutely individual and where higher density of population means that there is a stronger network of retailers.

It may well be, then, that the clubs will eat into the companies' control of the record market and in so doing tend to deprive the more selective members of a public which still wants to determine precisely what music and performance they prefer, of the huge range of recordings it can at present choose from. On the other hand, the clubs may serve to introduce good music to a wider public who are not quite sure how to pronounce Berlioz or what precisely is the difference between a symphony or a concerto, and who may be intimidated by the scornful goddesses who so often preside behind the counters of record shops. But whether things do in fact work out like this or not, attempts to stop the clubs by restriction on their advertising is likely to prove as futile as discreditable.

At this juncture it must be said that both Mr E. R. Lewis, the managing director of the Decca Record Company, and Mr C. L. Thomas, the head of the record division of EMI, have categorically denied to me that they have given any instructions to threaten any periodical with the cessation of advertising revenues in the event of their accepting club advertisement. On the other hand, the editor of *Opera* has stated that he was put in such a position and consequently felt obliged to refuse clubs advertising. And I must confess that the reasons given by other periodicals for a similar refusal are so strikingly diverse, ranging from the bizarre to the plausible, that I am left with the impression that these grounds are in the nature of excuses rather than reasons. Furthermore in the course of writing this article I have been told of conversations which, if truly reported, leave a strong impression that more than one periodical did, rightly or wrongly, feel itself to be under some sort of pressure. I told Mr Lewis and Mr Thomas that these were my impressions, and I accordingly have their permission to state that should any member of their firms inadvertently have given the impression that such a threat exists, they were unauthorised to do so. I hope that so unequivocal an assurance from such powerful figures in the record industry will do something to clear the air and restore the confidence of periodicals in their freedom to accept such advertising as they wish.

PETER HEYWORTH



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JOHN CALDER

Comme Çi, Comme Ça

THE snow lay crisp and even. The one time Luxury Hotel, still luxurious, dominated the night like the bridge of some gigantic liner. Coming down the village street towards the hotel one would hear only the crunch of one's own boots over the dry snow. Everything else was quiet, as quiet as the pine forests in the day time, where it is possible to walk for days and not see a single bird. Within 20 yards of the hotel, however, music became audible: discreet music: music for the silver champagne buckets to float upon.

Through a crack between the heavy velvet curtains across the largest window could be seen the orchestra and the diners. A violinist, a pianist and a 'cellist playing an arrangement from Johann Strauss. A doctor and his wife, a bureaucrat and his bride, a man from the export department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a trade unionist who had survived seven years in a concentration camp, my wife and myself, all eating wiener schnitzel. The hotel is for the intelligentsia.

The wind, wrapping the ice round millions of pine needles, shifted direction. Across the strains of Strauss came the rhythm of a vibraphone. Such a sound could not come from the liner – from that ship of state. The village was dark, but in the far corner of the hotel court-yard there was a dim yellow light. Double doors opened on to three adjoining rooms like cellars. Each was packed with people: the girls from the village shops, the hotel waiters who were off duty, the forestry students, the girls who clean the Stakhanov Heim for the factory workers with a tendency to TB, the apprentices from the factory in the valley. Most wear trousers and ski-ing boots. The dancing space was full. Girls dance with girls until two boys stop them, then boy and girl dance until the music ceases and they return to separate tables.

A couple began, a little hesitantly, to jive. More came on to the floor and the tempo increased. Everybody smiled. The singer laughed into his microphone and his wife at the piano shouted back the chorus at him. A girl, the split image of the waitress in Manet's Folies Bergère, brought them both glasses of vodka, paid for by one of the dancers. Their success is partly the result of their talent, but it is at least as much due to the fact that they look so happy – they play like fawns with pipes, and they play calypsos, *Comme çi, Comme ça, Mac the Knife, Alabama Teddy*, and so on.

'Look,' I said to my wife, 'he dances like a boy from Brixton.' As I said this, he winked at me over the head of the pretty bus-conductress he was dancing with. He had great charm, and the more I smiled at him, the more he winked back. As soon as the music stopped he was beside us.

We were English? How marvellous. He must buy us whatever we wanted. Yes, he was German. But he had an Italian grandfather. He kissed my wife's hand to prove this. His ambition was to go West – could we help him? When he said this he winked again but this time he brought his finger up to his eyelid and pretended to move it as though it were a dummy. 'Tic, Tac,' he said, 'I knew when I saw you.' We laughed. But we *must* help him. Why did he think he would be better off in the West? As we asked him this, the music started again. It gave him his answer. He danced in front of us by himself, miming his desire for clothes, lights, hotter and hotter music, freedom.

He put an arm round both our shoulders. What was his job? He was at a university studying radio. What was his father's job? The Russians had killed his father at Stalingrad: that was why he hated the Communists. Tic, Tac. And he winked once more. Two hundred marks a month, he complained – somewhat enigmatically. Did he mean he had to pay that to study? No. That was all he received as a stipend.

I told him we could not help him, and would not if we could. It made no difference. We would meet next Sunday with some of his friends. Tic, Tac. And he was away with the bus-conductress, whom now, for him, the music had turned into a western starlet.

At midnight the music stopped. The dancers at last released the singer and his wife. He is ten years older than our student, with a square head like a young lion, eyes screwed up by smiling, and a generous mouth. His wife, a little older again, is a theatrical blonde. They walked arm in arm across the courtyard through the snow. They had played together for five hours that night, and eight years in all. They used to play in West Germany in YMCA canteens. They believe they are far better off here. They have a car, a house of their own, and in two years they hope to be able to stop playing, and Wolfgang will only compose.

The dance cellars belong to the hotel and they live there. Yet when they reached the main hotel entrance they walked past it and right round the building to an entrance among the kitchens at the back. The main stairs are not for them; they are not members of the intelligentsia.

Up in their room, as often happens, a dramatic change came over Wolfgang. His screwed-up eyes opened and began to stare. His mouth went loose. He began to tremble all over. He put his hand up to the wound in his head beneath his long hair. He had been pressed into the Ack Ack at the age of 15½. By the time he was 16 he had been wounded by shrapnel and was two years in hospital. From the age of 18 he was receiving a 60 per cent. disability pension. Ilsa undressed him, put him to bed and bathed his sweating scalp.

On Monday evenings there is no dancing and on Mondays I met Wolfgang and Ilsa to talk and drink with them through most of the night. He is not a Communist. Like most artists, he is overwhelmingly concerned with just two things: time and peace in which to work. We would drink to everything we could think of: to being rich – Ilsa would say: 'to Having a *Huge* Car': to New Orleans: to meeting one day in Rome: to each other's work. But there was one toast Wolfgang returned to persistently because he wanted me to understand something. 'To Stalingrad,' he said, 'because if we had won the war it would have been a catastrophe for every single one of us. Prosit.' His hand flicked across his head and, as he drank, he winked. But he did not add Tic, Tac.

JOHN BERGER

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

'Midsummer Night's Dream', at the Old Vic

That wood near Athens . . . we are most of us wandering somewhere about its thickets waiting for daylight, only *we* haven't a crew of tidily-minded immortals to sort out the luck. This is one of the charms of the play; it gives us all a taste of good fortune, as well as having the most intricately neat design and the prettiest scenes and words in all Shakespeare.

Prettiness and vivacity were anyhow the aims of this production, not the sad deeps of character. Certainly, Mr Derek Godfrey's Oberon, a noble scarab with iridescent eyelids, seemed both knight and fairy; tall and magnificent he listened to the lovers' quarrels, not with malice, not with mockery, but with a stern ironic interest as if choosing to play the spirit of fairness in the wars of love that is so often missing in life. The other mortals and fairies seemed read off at their face value: no undertones of darkness in this revel. The craftsmen-players were good fun, as any schoolchild who sees them will vouch, probably with a special recall for Mr Ronald Fraser's Nordic and risible Thisbe. Mr Frankie Howerd made an agreeable Bottom – not much poetry in the fellow, but *folie de grandeur* and engaging verve. But was it accident that Titania rose almost archly from her 'dream', that Puck had the unappealing roughness of an *earthly* delinquent, that the ungraciousness of the Theseus-Hippolyta interruptions during the 'interlude' was not in the least played down? These two have thankless parts at the best; theirs is the one nuptial that no one can care anything about. Even so – 'The best in this kind are but shadows' is the great final comment, or at least the moment for reflection or amends, not a casual jeer. Yet the whole thing had life if not depth; the scenery and costumes were glitteringly splendid; and (to be fair) almost every point was taken by the audience as if the script had come brand-new from the Lord Chamberlain's desk.

NAOMI LEWIS

'Peter Pan', at the Scala

Like Christmas, *Peter Pan* has to be traditional and the same, year after year, and this year's production is all that it is expected to be. The great thing about the play is that it works with children pretty well unfailingly. One or two moments make the grown-ups grue: 'Don't you think of me as anything but a mother, Peter?' and 'To die will be an awfully big adventure'. But the children dote on it all. Margaret Lockwood is an attractive Peter, sonsy and boyish, hearty and uncomplicated, lacking perhaps the wispish elfin quality, the suggestion of faery heartlessness that go with the part. One feels she would have been sensible enough to become one of Mrs Darling's adopted sons along with the Lost Boys. Michael Warre, who doubles Mr Darling and Captain Hook very cleverly, makes a splendidly sinister villain, a scowling, saturnine Charles II-like figure, in periwig and cocked hat, with a really nasty laugh. Julia Lockwood is a pleasing Wendy, not quite motherly enough, but a genuine teenager. Pirates and boys support sturdily, especially a gnome-like Smee and a gangling Glaswegian Slightly. The elaborate staging – the flying scenes, the Lagoon, the Home Under the Ground – are skilfully and deftly handled. The Crocodile with a mobile paw beating time to the music was the best I've seen.

EILEEN FRASER

'Robinson Crusoe', at the London Palladium

The producer, Mr Robert Nesbitt, clearly foreseeing the dangers, inherent in the basic story, of having a deserted stage for most of the evening has seized with gusto upon every opportunity for lavish scenes and stage-filling dances. So successful, indeed, has he been that Crusoe is not castaway until two-thirds of the way through the ever-thickening plot, while the island when reached turns out to be as deserted as the London Underground on Christmas Eve. Yet although these scenes are gorgeous, sometimes effective as with the underwater sequence, and often breathtaking, at any rate for the children whose gasps of wonder should certainly have pleased Mr Nesbitt, they left little time to see the principals. As the Dame, Mr Arthur Askey was *petite* and charming, but with few jokes he had perforce to rely overmuch on his good-humoured personality. In this matter Mr Tommy Cooper as the magician was better placed. His determination to shine, allied to his inability to complete anything successfully was in the old true pantomime tradition. Singing lustily in the new Palladium tradition, which is not to admit that it is an improvement, of male Principal Boys, is Mr David Whitfield as Crusoe.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

Tom Arnold's Circus, at Harringay
Bertram Mills Circus, at Olympia

However goofy circuses may be they give the triple curse of current theatre – 'brilliant' dialogue, zealous Methodism, and soft-centred vitals – a miss. Everything shows, a man is what he does, and while the band plays on, heroic, muscular, monotonous troupes, amaze or terrify us by turn. Circus alternatives are few, so these two have cage-acts and aerial gymnasts in common. But they do not share standards.

What keeps the Mills jumble solvent, apart from reputation and the honourable Marquess of Exeter's patronage, is hard to distinguish. First off comes Fred 'King of the Whip' Cordon who, besides the usual paper-slicing, strips his colleague down to an emerald shift then lays a dozen lascivious thwacks round her tubby midriff. The horses appear next, 'an exquisite equine extravaganza'; but they appear three times, which is a bit of a bore. All the while twenty-four brass bandsmen (two tubas) are blasting away up in the roof; you can't hear them though, for outside the tent Dodgems and shooting galleries are going full belt throughout the whole show. The second half offers a frightening act with swords and six mangy tigers, so phlegmatic you think their diet must consist of nembutal and oblovon. The presentation is poor, the clowns amateurish.

At Harringay things are far, far better. One turn, Bob Bramson, confirms his sub-title 'The World's Greatest Hoop Juggler' by making hoops waddle and hop all over the ring; or, to his beckoning, steer themselves, as it were, from thirty feet away, through a gap of six inches in a small cage. From Russia come the Milaiewas; father lies in a cradle balancing a thirty-foot ladder on his toes; this, his eldest ascends, lies prone, and balances another of fifteen feet on his; a third clambers to the top of the second ladder and waits there until the youngest – no more than twelve – reaches him, whereon this child upturns, and, head-to-head waits for the applause. And last come the tumblers, ten incredible whirling men making better designs than any Tachist painter dreamed, faster than any have thought. If one were a Prince, who would not have a hundred tumblers?

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

'King Charming', at the Players' Theatre

Year after year we have learnt to expect from the Players' Theatre an adult pantomime, played on a tiny stage, and produced and designed with astonishing ingenuity and good taste by Don Gemmell and Reginald Woolley. This year, *King Charming*, with the usual punning text by Planche (1850), is better than ever, partly I suspect, because the once struggling Players no longer lacks funds since the miraculous success of *The Boy Friend*. From *The Boy Friend*, Joan Sterndale-Bennett and Maria Charles have migrated back again to the Players to strengthen a team both clever and attractive. All the traditional tricks are here, the transformation scenes and disappearing acts, the bad and good fairies, the four and twenty blackbirds, the wicked Queen and comic King, the lovely maiden, married off very properly to King Charming to the accompaniment of London's one surviving annual Harlequinade. This year's new attraction is that several performers with excellent voices sing their pantomime songs to airs that frequenters of grand operas will enjoy identifying.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

'New Clothes for the Emperor', at the Arts

Mr Nicholas Stuart Gray has somehow managed to transform one of the shortest and most satirically pointed of Andersen's tales into this charming, leisurely piece of magic charged with kindness and goodwill. You see, the people of this kingdom, having roused the rancour of 'a low-flying demon', are under the spell of stupidity, from the Royal family downwards. Only the king's lost son, stolen away some 25 years ago, can break the enchantment. A jolly pair of wandering vagabonds – who can they be? – cross the forest, for 'a land where everyone is stupid could make the fortune of honest rogues'. They set up as tailors, in stuffs that the foolish (they claim) cannot see. But it is not only they who have hearts of gold when it comes to the point, but also the demon whom they accidentally summon – a sympathetic and not very skilful devil with an illicit taste for doing good. Well. . . .

Our first favourite in the cast (mine and a seven-year-old companion's) was Beatrix Mackey's tranquil Aunt – the wise white witch of the Palace. Belvedere, that hazy demon (Mr Alan Judd) ran her close, so did a very pretty pair of youthful lovers, Miss Marianne Benet and Mr Barry MacGregor, a sergeant. Mr Gray demon-

strates that it is possible to please without vulgarity, villainy, unkindness or adult quips – when one has, of course, the advantages of beautiful costumes, elegant acting, and the nicest lot of characters that have ever found themselves on the stage of this theatre. An adult may feel that the scenes move slowly and the play lasts long. But one's juvenile neighbours stayed fixed.

NAOMI LEWIS

'The Water Babies', at the Lyric, Hammersmith

The Hogarth Puppets, as puppets, are admirable. But Kingsley's story is too complex and symbolic, especially in telescoped drama, to be easily intelligible. And while the 'canned' sound is adequate even for dialect dialogue, I could decipher only a few words of what were undoubtedly tuneful lyrics. Result: a clever and visually pleasing entertainment, but the six-year-olds were fidgeting soon after the interval.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

'Goody Two Shoes', at the Golders Green Hippodrome

After an opening that seems to be going to justify one's darkest genocidal foot-fetichist forebodings, this settles down into a mercifully unpretentious, not un-cosy little suburban family panto. Take two of your strongest tolerance pills and you will just be able to sit through it in moderate mental comfort. You will certainly have sat through worse. The story originally centred round the extreme fability of mood of the child Goody, now eldest daughter of the Old Woman Who Lived In The Shoe. It is one of the feebler pantomime plots, but Mr Alan Vicars as the Yellow Dwarf does his very best with that sole representative of the dark forces. I was shocked to note that as he scuttled spider-wise across the stage one of the comics called out: 'There goes Muggeridge looking for work!'

Mr Tommy Fields is a dame of real talent; craggily enormous, yet slyly epicene, his interpretation of a housewife had a nightmarish fidelity. Mr Jimmy Wheeler, one of the old red-nose school, beerily benevolent, looked at moments a little like Norman Douglas. It was unfortunate, that he should have chosen, with such obvious relish, for the song in which the children join in chorus, a fairly obvious *double entendre*; otherwise most of the patter was innocuous. The standard of animal impersonation was high. Jay Fips was a sapient donkey; Misses Gould and Briody did wonders with the dame's horse; theirs was a real act. Music and singing all round were deplorable. Despite all longueurs and imbecilities, a certain old-fashionedness and *élan* holds the show together.

RICHARD LANE

Aristophanes and Le Fanu

THE Minos Volanakis production of *Lysistrata*, first seen at Oxford, is now on at the Court. It is timely. Aristophanes was of the peace party in Athens and the play is the most effective and pungent of his arguments for the end of the 20 years war. Effective theatrically – seven years after its appearance, Athens was destroyed; art alone survives. The play drives home the continually forgotten point that the best satire starts from immodest proposals and hits below the belt – in the present production, well below, indeed at the place where the life-force makes its stand. We must suppose that Aristophanes knew his peace-movement and that in ancient Athens they were entangled in argument and respectability. He armed them with scorn, grotesque, ridicule and bawdy laughter. The natural alternative to war? Sex. Lysistrata calls the women together, persuades them to seize the Treasury and to give up sleeping with their husbands and lovers until the men give up their other pastime. Greeks and Spartans come together idiotically contorted by martial habit and glare, scarcely concealing their sexual extremity with their shields; and make peace, at a bursting point which is tided over, before the fall of the curtain by ritual dances with only one meaning. Rather repetitive dances.

Mr Dudley Fitt's adaptation goes for the licentious and grotesque in the play; it is deep in sex and innuendo, alive with *double entendre*. The production brilliantly established the comic rights of sexual preoccupation. I shall not forget Mr Gary Raymond scampering in behind his huge blue shield in pursuit of his wife (Natasha Parry) and the comedy of her getting him into the nuptial hammock without getting there herself; nor the struggle of Lysistrata who finds it is one thing to get her women to take an oath and quite another to make them stick to it. They all delicately or moodily or bluntly conveyed that they found it as severe a trial, as Mr Nicholas Georgiadises's warriors did, standing transfixed in speechless ferocity and unmentionable pain, in their absurd helmets. All this was delightful and the pink and ochre of the set, impudently and gracefully set it all off like a cartoon. Miss Joan Greenwood's Lysistrata is frail and vibrant, cool, cynical and insinuating. There is no passion; instead that feline, worldly experience of human nature which might come of staying up so late that she is two moves ahead of everyone in foresight and impudicity. The choruses of old men and old women, with their parodied folk songs, are very funny. I was glad to see the play done this way and to see laughter making sex look serious and the martial spirit stupendously dull.

At the Arts Lilian and Edward Percy have made a rather studied play out of Sheridan Le Fanu's *Green Tea*. They have had to fill out the original with additional characters and in providing the haunted clergyman with a broken heart, a bad conscience, an analysable psyche and an explicit homicidal mania, they have moralised away the fear and the uncanny on which the tale relied. That monkey was so vivid in the story; it is unbelievable and probably redundant in the play. At any rate even Mr Robert Eddison could not persuade me that he saw anything running up the curtains or diving for the chimney. I thought also the authors – who use many of Le Fanu's words – skipped one dramatic sentence of vital importance. The clergyman knows he's doomed when he says 'I am going to tell you what happened a year ago. The thing began to *speak* to me'. That is a real moment of terror. But the part of the unworldly yet guilty and demented scholar, a man of art bedevilled by sexual fantasy, is admirably written and was acted by Mr Eddison with delicacy and great resource of mood and manner. His performance was very fine and deluded us into thinking that a static situation was really progressing. Mr Edward Evans as the butler-male-nurse managed the difficult lines of vulgar explanation well, Miss Pamela Strong was affecting and demure as the old man's secretary, Frank Allen was a good young Anglo-Indian with a modest swagger and Helen Misener, as the German housekeeper, brought a sparkle to a play that drowses along almost too tidily until the foreseeable violence of its close.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Innocuous Ballets

THE junior Royal Ballet Company has opened its season at Covent Garden boldly with two new works, *The Angels* and *A Blue Rose*. Both are gentle, refined creations, the latter faintly jocose, the former definitely earnest. *The Angels* is blanketed with psychological innuendo: to quote the programme – 'a figure of light (draped in an enormous black sack) gives life and reveals the characteristics of her creation: the startled, the morbid, the strident, the terrified, the lyrical, the vigorous'. You would not know much about all this by just watching and listening. You would see a decor by Desmond Heeley of delicate ladders reaching to heaven, with boys and girls dancing back and forth in a variety of unclear moods, dogged by a black, but superfluous angel; for disappointingly she does not dance, and dancing is the thing that matters in this ballet. There are solos and *pas de deux* which are by far the most beautiful pieces of choreography John Cranko has ever produced: fresh, lyrical and unhampered movement; but the ensembles and the grovelling on the floor are dull work in a worn convention, and they go on and on. Richard Arnell's music seemed to me at this first hearing, patchy rather in the same manner as the choreography.

A Blue Rose is like a sketch for the main work. Fainter and fainter grow the pallid decor, the sweet smiles, the running feet and the unpunctuated music in my memory. The three composers – Samuel Barber music, Peter Wright choreography and Yolanda Sonnabend decor – are not amateurs at their job; but none of them is yet ripe enough

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to justify the energy, the money and time that must have been spent on this thin experiment. There should surely be a small fund for coming young artists to work out their ideas on students of the ballet school before they plunge into the agonies of a full-scale production. The dancing of the company is lively and neat, Patricia Cox, Audrey Fariss and Clover Roope all showing qualities of great beauty and vitality. The men, in their apparently inevitable combination suits, were less exciting.

The overriding impression left by these two new works is of an innocuous, bloodless world. I do not want the hearty or the crude to give an impression of strength; but there are no sinews in these creations, the emotions are fey and uncertain, the intelligence vitiated by a strange anxiety to conceal any direct human quality. It is like a modernised world of Tinkerbell; she has taken up Freud and even her petty tantrums are now sublimated.

I have always thought that *Casse-Noisette* could make a delightful entertainment, if only it was produced in a way that blended the two parts, so that they did not appear like bits from entirely different ballets. The real-life Christmas party, where the little heroine is given the Nutcracker doll, and the dream, where the doll comes to life and leads her to the Kingdom of Sweets, are generally so divorced both in style and atmosphere that they make an unsatisfactory whole. The Festival production, under the direction of two illustrious Russians, David Lichine and Alexandre Benois, is no better than usual in this respect. Lichine's choreography is less charming and less simple than that of Nicolai Sergeyev, who first produced *Casse-Noisette* in London in 1934. But the children are brought more to the fore: their fights for toys, teasing and mimicking of grown-ups become, rightly, the most important thing at the Christmas party. This emphasis has diminished the exquisite dance of the *Incroyables*, which is now a miserable little affair. In this first act Benois's decor is pretty and gently atmospheric, but from the snow transformation onwards it becomes commonplace. The cochineal pink and white of the Kingdom of Sweets and its plain pattern is pathetic, when one considers the wonder and variety of colour and shape still to be seen in any sweet shop. The dancers are lively in the Festival spirit, though Anton Dolin makes a weak Dr Drosselmeyer, working his fingers too much and his face too little.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Why Not Shoot Generals?

JUST as I was wondering whether, with everyone else, to get down to retrospect and the search for the Twelve Best, I was brought up short by a newspaper placard 'Women's Women of 1957!' and went on instead to see one of the year's last films that should certainly appear in any list. About the twelve months gone, let me say only that I lament Max Ophüls and love Audrey Hepburn, that I am grateful for two masterpieces, *Un Homme Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé* and *Pather Panchali*, and hope the new habit of bringing festivals to London will be continued.

The film I hurried on to was *Paths of Glory* at the London Pavilion, a house of entertainment where, under the banner of sensationalism, gangsters and sensitive teenagers and monsters from the deep and war films and anti-war films meet us in bewildering procession. *Paths of Glory* belongs to the final group – anti-war – and since hardly a week goes by in the cinema without a glorification, or at any rate acceptance, of war, it is heartening to see a film on the right side which is also more brilliant and biting than those in the swim. Here there is no escape into sadism, no side-tracking of sex; patriotism, as it concerns those who most benefit, is denounced in Johnson's famous maxim about the last refuge of scoundrels; and the end doesn't weaken. War is wrong, the politics and generalship of war are corrupt, and those foot-sloggers who escape enemy bullets are lucky if, in a jam, they survive the vindictiveness of their own leaders.

This has rarely, in the cinema, been put quite plainly before. The scene of this film is a French sector during the first war; a particular attack is needed by the foxy generals in chateaux; casualties may be heavy, the gain may be only a couple of hundred yards, but if it's pulled off, France will thrill and the generals will win stars. But of course it can't be pulled off; it will be yet one more massacre. We watch the weary attack on the Ant-hill, as that ridge in the periscopes is called, and when it gets nowhere the prowling general (he who most needs a victory) orders the artillery to fire on his reluctant men. The order is refused. Three men, picked from those who survive, have to undergo a court-martial for cowardice; they are found guilty (*pour encourager les autres*), shot, and then comes the offending general's turn. The snapping, smiling general in charge, who has seen everything, can't be touched. The same kind of thing of course is going on behind the enemy's lines, or that war could never have been won. But when it comes – skipping a war – to next time, who will be there to accuse the button-pushers who daren't do otherwise, whose rhythm of success will make the desperate fling inevitable?

Stanley Kubrick, who directed *Paths of Glory*, comes from the acid scrutiny of murder in Ameri-

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can cities. His only evasion is that now he transfers his indictment to the French, but the viewer is left with no doubt that it applies nearer home. His film, in fact, isn't special pleading, but a statement of controlled indignation; and he carries it out rigorously, with George Macready as the general who would fire on his own men, Adolphe Menjou as the old festive fox in charge, and Kirk Douglas as the Colonel who has to carry out orders but will defend his men and bring corruption down – so far as it can be brought down. This is a film out of season for which every intelligent film-goer, and indeed every intelligent non-filmgoer, should thank his stars – in this case only Kirk Douglas, one of the few who improved in 1957.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Clashing for Cash

OF all the arguments originally advanced in favour of commercial television, the simplest and most plausible was the argument that competition was intrinsically desirable in order to end monopoly in an important medium of information and entertainment. Such competition, it was argued, would be not only a stimulus to the existing monopoly but a guarantee to the viewers of the greatest possible freedom of choice of programme.

From the first, some opponents of commercial television questioned the latter part of this assumption. They asked what enlargement of freedom of choice would result from the broadcasting on both channels of a great deal of almost identical rubbish – similar Westerns, similar situation comedies, similar 'variety'. Even the most convinced of these sceptics, however, could not have foreseen how fully his doubts would be justified, in little more than two years, by the commercial programme planners themselves. For the New Year schedule of programmes shows not only that material of similar kinds is broadcast on both channels – that we are already used to – but also that the timing of many programmes has been revised in order to prevent viewers from seeing some programmes of kinds they may happen specially to like and from choosing freely between two programmes with roughly similar appeal. Thus, the BBC has lately announced the purchase of a hundred old RKO films (a dubious policy, in my view, for several reasons, including the dated and dreary character of most of the Korda films included in ITV's similar package deal): on the very day on which the first of these is to be shown, ITV programmes are being retimed so that the item likeliest to compete directly with the BBC film will start half-an-hour before it. Similarly, *The Jack Jackson Show* is being moved from late on Sunday night to a time on Saturday evening when it will coincide with the BBC's *Six-five Special*.

It may be argued that such retimings do not really limit the viewer's freedom, that he has, at a peak time at any rate, one programme of a sort he likes. I disagree. Genuine competition would surely allow him to see two of the same kind at different times. At present, for instance, we are still allowed to see *Panorama* on one night and *This Week* on another: if this policy of competition by synchronisation is extended, how long will it be before *This Week* is transferred to Monday night? I know from personal conversations and correspondence that many viewers find these clashes intensely irritating; but the 'average' viewer is, to the commercial bosses, almost as contemptible a figure as the 'minority' viewer or listener: he is not supposed to be intelligently selective, his function is merely to stay switched to one channel all the time and be hypnotised by the advertisements.

These considerations seem to me to weigh strongly against the view now being advanced even by some Labour Party spokesmen – for instance, in a recent *Forward* article by Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn – that it is possible to retain, or to develop, both genuine competition and the commercial element in TV. The paternalist monopoly of the BBC had its faults – stuffiness, timidity, Establishment-mindedness, and so on – but most of the commercial people are, essentially, just as monopolistic: they want to hog every piece of audience they can. At least their motives are apparent: with very few exceptions (Granada is one), there is no pretence that they are in it for anything but the cash; there is no sense, as there genuinely is at the BBC, of a responsible public service. Their standards are those of *Box Office*, a scrappy little film-boosting programme in which, last Sunday, the 'good' films of 1957 were those that could also be described as 'money-spinners'.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

EUROPE IN REVOLT

SIR,—Canadians of all schools of politics will be relieved that our prime minister, Mr Diefenbaker, teamed up with Chancellor Adenauer and others at Paris to defeat the John Foster Dulles line of no truck nor trade with Russians. But some of us think that the Nato conference in general, and our prime minister in particular, missed the boat by failing to point to a good example in our own Canadian history. The Russians have offered a plan based on no rockets and no nuclear weapons in Poland, the two parts of Germany and Czechoslovakia. Even Dorothy Thompson, who not so long ago was the strongest North American journalistic advocate of the 'tough' line against Russia, now asks 'what is wrong with that?'.

Far from there being anything wrong with it, the central European armament limitation plan is exactly in line with a plan which forestalled another possible big war, just over a century ago. From my window here in Ottawa I look out at the canal which British Army engineers built to get warships through to the Great Lakes in the event of the then expected third war between the British Empire and the US. That 'inevitable' war never came off because, in the nick of time, the British and American governments agreed to a purely localised disarmament agreement, by which both rivals agreed to station no warships in the Great Lakes system. At the time that sensible local armament limitation agreement was made nobody foresaw its ultimate effect. But in the end the sensible principle, applied at first for reasons of mutual expediency to the inland lakes, was extended from Atlantic to Pacific.

Surely the formula which worked so well to avert one 'inevitable' war in the 19th century is worth a trial in our own times.

If the small central European limitation worked, it might create the necessary relaxation to try something larger, like the Kennan plan for all Europe.

ELMORE PHILPOTT

The Press Gallery
House of Commons, Ottawa

BRITISH DOCUMENTARY

SIR,—It is good of Harry Watt to draw public attention to the problems of British documentary, and, if I appear critical of some of his remarks, it is not out of any hostility but rather because I feel he has mixed up minor symptoms with the malady itself.

Mr Watt sees clearly that the present set-up of

private enterprise sponsorship gives very little hope of a future for documentary films in this country and he regrets the disastrous closing down of the Crown Film Unit. Agreed on both counts, but where I find it hard to follow him is in his complaints that hardly any 'new exciting minds' are coming into documentary and that 'it's still tremendously hard to get a union ticket'.

The Crown Film Unit was not the only place that closed, as a number of feature film studios closed in the post-war period, throwing hundreds of highly skilled technicians and craftsmen out of work. More recently the startling increases in productivity in the studios have not been matched by a corresponding increase in the number of films made, which has still further aggravated the employment problem. It is only natural that the technicians' union has tried to control the flow of new applicants in order to protect existing film-makers. Maybe some of Mr Watt's 'new exciting minds' have been kept out. In trying to legislate for a crazy, mixed-up industry, whose glamour attracts thousands and which suffers from serious seasonal fluctuation, it is possible that some such persons have been prevented from taking up the profession of film documentary. Many others have come in and played their part in documentary and feature production, and many more have gone without restriction to the other wing of this section of the entertainment world – television, which has expanded such a lot since ITV started.

I feel that Mr Watt has avoided seeing the whole field and has worried (as all of us Britons do!) about a comparatively small number of individuals. So let's look at the case of the excluded 'new exciting minds': as the set-up is all wrong, could they have helped to right it, when the experienced film-makers have, so far, been unable to do so? They would only have aggravated further the employment situation, particularly in the winter months, when production is less. As a man with a social conscience, Harry Watt will, I am sure, understand the gravity of this. It is of especial significance to the newcomer to the film business, because it means that unless he has private sources of money (or parents who have), he risks unemployment for part of the year. This has the effect of creating a class barrier around the technical creative jobs in film-making – and there is plenty of evidence from what appears on the screen of too much ruling-class mentality in the creative grades as it is.

I hope that Mr Watt does not think that those of us already in the industry are incapable of helping to put it on a better foundation just because we have not yet succeeded. At a number of well-attended union meetings of film and TV technicians which I have attended recently there has been a most healthy desire to burst the bonds of conformity that often stifle our imagination, and start making exciting documentaries about the real problems of the world in a realistic manner. While they may not yet have found the way forward, they certainly were not cynical or pessimistic. I hope that Mr Watt will join in their efforts to resurrect British documentary, and may we also hope for support from our audiences?

First Avenue — CHRISTOPHER BRUNEL
Bulstrode Way
Gerrards Cross

CONFESSIONS IN ULSTER

SIR,—I wish to express my appreciation of your judicious and fair-minded comment on 'Confessions in Ulster' in your issue of 21 December. This is not simply a question of Irish obstreperousness, though it is true that the victims of this alleged brutality are from the Catholic Ulster Irish, as distinct from the dominant Unionist and colonial rulers in Northern Ireland. All the same these arrested men are, however unwillingly, British subjects, and it is primarily for this reason that I agree with you as to the immediate necessity for an impartial inquiry. I also have seen the IRPB document giving what alleges to be copies of the self-incriminating evidence which the arrested men claim to have been signed by them in order to avoid further torture. I have no means of knowing whether this is correct, but the charge has been made. Since the issue of this document another Northern Ireland man, charged before a resident magistrate, stated in court that the evidence was untrue and extracted from him under compulsion. Your readers may not know that the regime in Northern Ireland, though its facade is democratic, is, in effect, as totalitarian as any regime in Eastern Europe. Moreover, the NI government cannot be questioned as to the conduct of their regular or irregular police. Thus, though these arrested men are British subjects in the United Kingdom they lack the protection of the parliament of Great Britain. This particular case is the more serious because it is not unlikely that these men will be put on trial for alleged complicity in the killing of Sergeant Ovens, and the evidence against them will be based on the statements which the men allege they were forced to sign under torture. It is, however, difficult to see how an inquiry is possible if the Northern Ireland government declines to co-operate. It might be feasible to test the evidence published by the IRPB, though this, too, may not be easy in the circumstances. But the fact remains that these men who allege they have been maltreated by the Northern Irish authorities are British subjects in the United Kingdom and not Irish citizens from across the border. Accusations of this sort are terribly difficult to verify, they may, indeed, be quite untrue, but once they have been made those who hear of them, and particularly those who know something of the political situation in Northern Ireland, should not pass by on the other side.

E. DORMAN O GOWAN

Bellamont Forest
Cootehill Co. Cavan

SIR,—As you say, 'some very unpleasant things go on in Northern Ireland'. For instance, the setting of positively fiendish booby-traps to kill policemen like poor Ovens – or, for that matter, any woman or child who happens along.

Now, I have been in the newspaper business long enough to know that the police in my native province of Ulster – same as here – are not *always* right, and their prisoners always wrong. But there is no need for the independent inquiry you suggest into the IRA's allegations of 'forced' confessions.

Here is why. It seems to me that if the Royal Ulster Constabulary have, in fact, obtained confessions to the murder of Sergeant Ovens, the men who are said to have made them will undoubtedly be brought to trial. There, before a judge and jury, all every bit as independent and fair-minded as any 13 men over here, they will have the fullest opportunity of establishing that they were tortured into talking.

If they take this opportunity and succeed in their point, the forced confessions will not be accepted as evidence against them and verdicts of Not Guilty will probably follow.

I hope I have written restrainedly in the face of the tone of your comments last week. But allow the Ulstermen this . . . they have been behaving with considerable restraint since the gunmen decided, over a year ago, to try to free them from themselves.

JOHN GRAHAM

23 Hillgate Street
W8

CAPTIVE CHILDREN

SIR,—May I be permitted to reply briefly to some of the points in Elkan Allan's letter on my article 'Captive Children'?

First, in referring to the Council for Children's Welfare's campaign against horror comics, I was not making – nor would make – a direct comparison between horror comics and TV. I was reminding readers (who may not have heard of the Council) of the success it achieved in this sphere.

Secondly, I would have thought that a TV script-writer would have acknowledged that the visual impact of television is immensely stronger than the mental impact of books. The analogy which Mr Allan seeks to draw is, therefore, largely irrelevant.

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Thirdly, the need for some special supervision of children's programmes was recognised when the constitution of the ITA was made to include a Children's Advisory Committee. Yet Sir Robert Fraser did not, either in his statement to the press following the Council's public meeting or in his article 'What Children Should See' (*The Times*, 7 December), once refer to it. I wonder why, if Sir Robert feels that the Committee is doing its job properly. In any event, children's programmes televised by both the BBC and ITV should be supervised by a common body.

Finally, it is easy to dismiss all criticism of TV programmes, as Mr Allan does, as a general prejudice against television itself. But it is because I believe in television's great potentialities that I, with, incidentally, thousands of TV devotees, are not satisfied with current programmes, and want to see far better, more imaginative, entertaining and interesting use made of this medium.

ALMA BIRK

27 Wickliffe Avenue, N3

SIR,—Alma Birk makes some very necessary comments on children and television. The majority of parents have indeed abandoned their duty of supervising their children's viewing. My own experience (with a 3rd-year class in a secondary modern school, about 80 per cent. of whom watch television for long periods) bears out her statement that a lot of children regularly watch programmes designed for adults, and that their favourite programmes are American in origin and character. *Highway Patrol, OSS, Wyatt Earp* and *Gun Law* are at the head of the popularity poll with my boys. The violence in such programmes is not, I think, so harmful as the fact that they are completely stereotyped in plot and characterisation; having seen a single edition, one has seen the whole series. What a lot of time is being wasted here that could be used for worth-while entertainment!

Part of the solution to this problem may well be a National Advisory Council for Children's Television; such a council, rightly constituted, could do much to ensure a higher proportion of worth-while programmes in children's television. It would be, however, only a partial solution because whatever improvement it might make in children's programmes, older children would continue to watch adult (so-called) television for long hours. Moreover, an organised body exerting pressure from outside may not be so effective in the long run as pressure from television's own mass audience.

I suggest, therefore, that children and young people be given some training in discrimination while they are still at school. Such training with regard to films has been successfully undertaken in schools for many years; some of the methods employed can also be used with television—particularly class discussion of television programmes, which makes children think more critically about what they see. The Society of Film Teachers has advocated such training for some time, and some of its members have begun the work in the schools. The society believes that television, rightly used, can be a tremendous educational force; there is, however, little chance of its being rightly used unless children and young people are trained to be satisfied only with the best, for only thus will new generations of discriminating televiewers be trained.

A. P. HIGGINS, BA
Chairman

Society of Film Teachers
9 Central Way
Carshalton Beeches

COMMERCIAL CHRISTMAS

SIR,—May I, a teacher, be permitted to voice my retrospective thoughts on Christmas?

At school, before the holidays, my colleagues and I carried out a strenuous programme. We produced plays, dressed up children for their parts and made and acquired various stage properties. There were parties for the children and an evening for parents with a play, carol singing and music. Also, we festooned classrooms and had the task of taking the decorations down at the end.

While most of the above was going on, classes were held, stocks checked and the usual chores attended to. Rarely have I seen a more tired lot of souls than we were on the last day of term. We shook hands and departed, limp and exceedingly thankful that it was all over.

Looking back, I think it was wrong to celebrate as we did. Our celebrations were not, as was lightly assumed by some of us, for the nativity of Christ; rather were we entering into the spirit of a public holiday that is profane, tinselled and intrinsically commercial. For that is what Christmas now is to most people, and certainly is to the children in my school and their families.

I cannot believe that education has any part to play in such a holiday. Time, money and energy were wasted. More than a twentieth part of a precious school year was squandered in the way I have described. It would, I suggest, be more realistic for schools to celebrate overtly the publication of *Alice in Wonderland*, the opening of the pantomime season, Walt Disney's first film or the founding, in Oxford Street, London, of Selfridges' store. Was this not truly the sort of thing that we were benightedly doing?

PRECEPTOR

London

VICKY'S CHRISTMAS CARD

SIR,—Vicky's Christmas card was arresting. As a Christmas card some people will be shocked by its brutality, its blasphemy. Yet this ghastly parody is being enacted now, at this moment, and the actors are in deadly earnest. The audience, fascinated, watches the performance and agrees with the unfolding of the plot because it is part of the nightmare world of unreality: only cost of living, car and television set are real! The atmosphere of fantasy persists in spite of Mr Dulles, conference and debate. The story of Epiphany is twisted: foolish, false Magi pursue the path of no return, their crazy ride guided by that cruel star which leads us to extinction. Supplanted by the symbol of the madness of our time the Holy Child gives place to the herald of the rocket race, the Sputnik. No drawing this, but cold reality: no figment of the mind, but blasphemy.

For those to whom Christmas is but a word denoting social round and jollity, the sight of such a sad demented journey may inspire, like seeing abnormality, a chill resembling icy fingers round the heart. To Christians everywhere this drawing should be sent to shock and shame them into action, that the churches of the world may join together and in one voice demand that preparations for the nuclear war shall cease.

C. M. ARMAN

19 Beverley Crescent
Woodford Green

VLADIMIR DEDIJER

SIR,—I have received with great delay the NEW STATESMAN of 5 October, in which I have read the letter of Mr Kurt Dowson.

I do not challenge his right to have opinions on me and my public views. On the contrary I welcome them, because I think that the NEW STATESMAN should give to its readers both sides of the picture! But in this letter he publishes some 'facts' which are not true. He says, quoting unspecified 'people from all walks of life', '. . . Dedijer knows this very well and therefore he was asked to refrain from referring to the Soviet Union when he went abroad. Hardly had he left the country when he disregarded this request'.

This is a complete falsehood. No one in Yugoslavia, officially or privately, put that request to me nor did I ever give such a promise to anyone.

VLADIMIR DEDIJER

Pop Lukina 12
Belgrade

During 1957 two novels stood out from all others—among first novels, John Braine's *ROOM AT THE TOP* and, among the work of established writers, Patrick White's *VOSS*.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The World of Graham Greene

OUR novelists are not notable for their sense of evil. James Hogg of *The Confessions of a Justified Sinner* has it and so, in a romantic way, has Stevenson, but both are Scots. Conrad, the Pole has it; so has Henry James, the American. Elsewhere it is hard to find. There are signs in *Clarissa*; in Dickens evil appears hysterically in the forms of conventional melodrama. Only Emily Brontë fully exposes her imagination to this spirit and then with a pagan or pantheistic exhilaration and pride which profoundly shocked her contemporaries. For Hardy evil is an aloof and alien polity. It can hardly be called more than mischance. The rest of the English novelists settle for a world which must be judged in terms of right and wrong.

Against this Protestant tradition the novels of Graham Greene are a rebellion or, rather, a series of guerilla ambushes from a Roman Catholic point of view. It is said to be Jansenist and is certainly at variance with the accommodating Catholic tradition on the Continent. His religion – as we see it in his novels – has the egocentricity, the scruple, the puritanism and aggression present in English nonconformity, though it finds more savour in failure than success. I hoped Mr Atkins's book* would bring some order into the discussion of Greene's ideas, but Greene is sharp and evasive and Mr Atkins is a slack, personal writer, scoring here, there and everywhere, and although he is useful, he is diffuse and uncritical. The attempt was really futile. Greene is an artist, a man of sentiment and obsession, egotistical, a born enemy, full of laughter, hatred, misery, anarchic in politics and in religion, fond of spoof, plots, paradox and conundrums. God is his misadventure and, for this reason, maybe he is a religious man, *i.e.*, he does not expect to get anything but conflict and pain out of his religion. I must say this is a vast relief after the optimism of the success cults. To the spectator, it seems that he wishes to have an adulterer's, a gambler's or a spy's relation with his God and Church, finding more merit in despair than in the laborious conniving at goodness that the ordinary hypocrite goes in for. On the other hand, a man like Scobie, in *The Heart of the Matter*, can hardly rank with the great sinners; he lacks the pride. His muddles and illegalities rate official damnation but, as the priest suggests, there is still God's mercy. His portrait has some of that sentimentality which has come over the Channel from François Mauriac. I doubt if it is fair to Roman Catholic moralists to say that they believe the worst thing is to break the rules.

The light and serious novels of Graham Greene make their impression because of his phenomenal skill, his invention, and the edge and precision of his mind. He etches the conventional with the acid of the observable. His thrillers are not simply escapes from ordinary life, but are painful journeys into it: the agent, hunter or hunted, unveils. In *The Confidential Agent* the true subjects are pain and betrayal. He seeks the exact:

> She lay there stiff, clean and unnatural; people talked as if death were like sleep; it was like nothing but itself. He was reminded of a bird discovered at the bottom of a cage on its back, with the claws rigid as grape stalks: nothing could look more dead. He had seen people dead after an air raid; but they fell in curious humped positions – a lot of embryos in the womb. This was different – a unique position reserved for one occasion. Nobody in pain or asleep lay like this.

In one book at least, *The Power and the Glory*, he transcends his perverse and morbid tendencies and presents a whole and memorable human being; this wholeness is exceptional, for he is generally an impressionist, or rather a brilliant cutter of sections. We expect from incisive talents some kind of diagnosis, some instinctive knowledge of the human situation which we have not attended to; this Greene has had. His subjects are the contemporary loneliness, ugliness and transience. It is a good point made by Mr Atkins that we disapprove of the ugliness of our civilisation without recognising that, for some reason, we *needed* to make it ugly. Greene makes great play with this in his novels; behind the ugliness is loneliness and betrayal. Very nearly all the characters in Greene's novels are marked by the loneliness of our civilisation, and on the simplest level – Scobie's for example – they are merely self-pitying. They fail to communicate. Scobie hates talking to his wife for fear that she will make yet another scene; he knows that talking to his mistress will lead fatally to the re-enacting of the stale dramas of jealousy. These people wish to be alone; yet when they are alone, the sad dialogues of nostalgia, conscience and betrayal begin in the mind; and presently each character breaks in two: the pursuer and pursued, the watcher and the watched, the hunter and the hunted. The relationship with God, if they are Catholics, is the same. One moment it is God who will have no mercy; next it is Scobie who is torturing God. In *The End of the Affair* the narrator accuses himself of inability to do anything but hate; and Fowler in *The Quiet American* admits that he translates his personal hatred of Pyle and Pyle's dangerous political innocence into a fantastic hatred of the American continent. Loneliness, the failure to communicate in love, or rather to sustain communication, is the cause, and behind that is the first cause, the betrayal we are thought to have had in childhood when evil was revealed to us. This is a contemporary subject for, in Greene's rendering of the world, we are now anonymous. We are bleak, observable people in streets, on staircases, in boarding-houses, hotel rooms, cafeterias, Nissen huts, native villages, police stations – free, but disheartened and 'wanted'.

Greene's masterly power of evoking the shabby scene, whether it is Pimlico or Liberia, Mexico or Kent, is a matter of a vision true to its misanthropy and quickness of eye; but it owes something also to his sense of being an accomplice. We are guilty transients leaving our fakes and our litter. There is an odd and frequent suggestion that romantic literature misled us. China, Liberia, Mexico ought not to have looked like this. In the later books, particularly in *The Quiet American*, the mood has become rather too much the conventional habit of disillusion (assumed for self-protection) of the American school of reporting. Only the minor figures observed by the master reporter in the war scenes are individual; the rest have become types. Fowler is mere self-pity; Pyle is a caricature. There is always a danger in Greene's novels that the stress on banality and anonymity will turn into type-casting and that he will forget that the loneliness of people, on whatever level, is only an aspect of them. In *The Heart of the Matter*, Scobie's scenes with young Mrs Rolt become typical and therefore forced. The sudden leap from pitiable youth to the jealousy of the trained virago on Mrs Rolt's part, makes Greene's point of course, but is too pat. He is too eager to see evil doing its stuff.

In *The Power and the Glory*, Greene succeeds above all the rest. In the other tales, by quickness of cinematic cutting, by turning everything he sees to the advantage of action, he makes circles round our doubts. The preposterous argument of *Brighton Rock* is lost in the excitement of the hunt. But in the Mexican novel no doubts arise. There is no overt resentment. There are no innuendos. There are no theological conundrums. It is actually an advantage that Greene hated Mexico and the tropical rot; he had worked the worst off in a vivid book *The Lawless Roads*. Except for the portrait of seedy Mr Tench, the dentist, at the beginning, and the account of the Catholic family reading their forbidden literature secretly, there is nothing to distract us from the portraits of the whiskey-priest and the lieutenant, his pursuer. In this kind of drama, Mr Greene excels, but here there is meaning, not fear-fantasy; the priest is taken from depth to depth in physical suffering and spiritual humiliation. The climax is reached when he is disowned by his mistress and his child, and this long scene is wonderful for the way in which the feeling is manipulated and reversed. The scene in the prison, into which he is thrown by mad misadventure, has to bear the moral burden of the story – that he is at peace with the criminals and outcasts from whom he need not hide his identity, and that he is in danger only from conventional piety. Greene is a too pertinacious and paradoxical propagandist in his later work, but we should not forget that he trails his coat in order to provoke mercy and has a subtle and compassionate intelligence of unvoiced pain. As a novelist he is free of the vice of explanation in this book; we see a soul grow and recover its dignity. And the dialogue between the pursuing lieutenant and the priest at the end is a true dialogue; it is not a confrontation of views, but of two lives. The only weakness is in the transition to the Catholic family and the intercutting of scenes at the end. I do not know what the intention is. Is it to take us into the starchy world of Catholic piety, into that religious respectability which Greene detests and where, indeed, right and wrong take the place of good and evil? Or is it a return to Greene's boyish

* *Graham Greene.* By JOHN ATKINS. *Calder.* 21*s.*

love of romantic literature? The child is 'believing' in a boy's heroic adventures in defence of the Faith, as Greene himself might have 'believed' in Rider Haggard. The misanthropy of Greene often reads as if it were a resentment of the deceit of books for boys, and a rancour against the loss of the richly populated solitude of childhood.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A Cold Night

His look is cold,
The gentleman of spiritual truths:
Because we were so bold
As to propose (despite our vows)
A good heart still might hang
Behind a harlot's blouse.

Beside this pond in moonlight,
Full moon and pond of fish:
The crane, unmanned by fright
At upright shadow of itself,
Dare not dip a hungry beak
Into the shallow dish.

In the name of spiritual truths,
Of holy alarms,
Beside this pond in moonlight
I await his long-awaited psalms.
For life may well be offered up to art,
We know we do not live by fish alone.
I here await him, silent gentleman,
Beneath the fat full moon;
The harlot asks from her doubtful heart,
'May he speak soon!'

D. J. ENRIGHT

Round Russia

Russia Revisited. By LOUIS FISCHER. *Cape*. 25*s*.

The Soviet System of Government. By JOHN N. HAZARD. *Cambridge*. 30*s*.

The Soviet Secret Police. Ed. SIMON WOLIN and ROBERT M. SLUSSER. *Methuen*. 42*s*.

Mr Louis Fischer went back to Moscow after nineteen years' absence mainly in order to study 'the Soviet system in terms of human beings'. He knows the country and the language and has an obvious gift for human contact. For most of his three weeks stay he was talking or listening. There was a short interview with Mikoyan, whose answers are a model of how a Party boss should deal with awkward questions from a well-informed visitor; some talks with dyed-in-the-wool young Communists, which, inevitably, did not get very far; but for the most part, the author was with non-party people in varying walks of life, intellectuals, engineers, housewives, students and taxi-drivers.

The picture that emerges is vivid and convincing: drabness ('the most depressing aspect of Moscow is the faces of its people'); poverty ('neglect of the needs of the individual which is both traditionally Russian and typically totalitarian'); ideological cynicism and preoccupation with personal advancement or well-being; and withal a burning need to impress, displayed not only in the grandiose building projects of the leadership but also in the anxious pride of the private citizen in national achievement. A reminder of the evils of Stalinism is apt to be resented as a denigration of Russia.

Mr Fischer found everywhere intense relief at the curbing of secret police activities. But 'a little less fear does not mean much more freedom'. Dissatisfaction there was, but no sign of potential revolt. To the common man politics and government are elemental forces, like the weather, factors to be reckoned with, but outside any possibility of influence. Moreover 'the nature of the Soviet system is such that its basic alteration would cause serious and prolonged dislocations which frighten serious Russians'. Peasant and worker indiscipline remains a bogy. 'For heaven's sake,' one of Mr Fischer's friends told him, 'for heaven's sake, anything else, but not freedom.'

The second part of the book, as lively and as vivid as the first, deals with Poland and Eastern Europe generally. Here cheerfulness keeps breaking through. 'No matter how Russia's satellites win national independence, there is no doubt they will': such a development 'would belatedly spread freedom inside Russia'. Mr Fischer's tour which apparently took place in the late summer of 1956 was well timed for personal contacts, less so for political evaluation. What has happened since tends to confirm his caution rather than his optimism. There has been a general tightening-up, alike in Russia and the satellites. There has been further evidence of the implications of Polish economic dependence on Russia and of the solidity of the Moscow-Peking alliance. And it would no longer be possible to write that in Russia 'today the army plays a key political part'. The Zhukov affair has shown conclusively that the Kremlin party leadership maintains the will and the power to assert its absolute supremacy in all important fields.

In spite of the extravagant claims of the blurb, *The Soviet System of Government*, by Professor Hazard, is first and foremost a textbook on comparative political institutions. For a work of its length, however, it contains a great deal of information on the development and functioning of the Soviet system. Some readers may wish there had been more on how the Party works; there is no mention, for instance, of the Party Schools on which so enormous an effort has been and is being expended. But the book is well written, well presented, with an adequate index, useful appendices and an annotated bibliography. The conclusions, if not very new, seem unassailable.

> The student of government will want to examine every apparent Soviet concession to democratic principles to see whether it is accompanied by some measure that serves as a counterweight, or whether a counterweight already exists, to prevent the concession from being used to unseat the leaders. . . . There has as yet been no hint that these leaders are coming to believe that the public generally can be trusted to choose leaders wisely or to formulate policy.

Most of *The Soviet Secret Police* is taken up with papers by former Soviet citizens on various aspects of the security services' growth, organisation and methods. All of them contain material of interest, and the layman who is apt to be bewildered by the complexities of GUGA and GUSK and of SPEKO and SPO will at last find a guide through the organisational labyrinth. What, however, makes this book important is the scholarly study by the two editors of secret police development. Properly to understand the Soviet present we must know the Soviet past; and Western scholars have so far failed to subject to critical examination far too many passages of Soviet history, from the suppression of the Kronstadt rising to collectivisation, from the Kirov murder through the Great Purges to the Leningrad affair and after. In all of them the security organs have played a major role. Messrs. Wolin and Slusser have made a considerable contribution to an essential task.

DAVID FOOTMAN

Plain Man's Poetry

Medieval English Poetry: the Non-Chaucerian Tradition. By JOHN SPEIRS. *Faber*. 42*s*.

The Parlement of Foules. By J. A. W. BENNETT. *Oxford*. 30*s*.

Mr Speirs believes that the teaching of Middle English is being sadly mismanaged. A narrow textual scholarship is thrust upon students who lack the training to make intelligent use of it. Fuddy-duddy editors and philologists set the tone of university work, and the undergraduates loathe it all. (They loathe their Anglo-Saxon tasks even more heartily, and for similar reasons.) The main trouble, in Mr Speirs's view, is the lack of anything worthy of the name of literary criticism in this field: the crude and 'too familiar' contrast between *Piers Plowman* and *The Canterbury Tales* 'needs to be extended into a larger, detailed comparison between the non-Chaucerian poetry as a whole and Chaucer', if the present state of things is to be put right. And so Mr Speirs steps forward with his new book in which, leaving aside Chaucer (already dealt with in his *Chaucer the Maker*) and *Piers Plowman* (too long for inclusion in a general book) and *Pearl* (difficult to fit into the present plan), he sets out to justify, then to elaborate, his idea of a non-Chaucerian tradition in medieval poetry.

The section on Romances – by far the longest in the book – shows the impossibility of pressing the Chaucer/non-Chaucer dichotomy at all hard. Some of these Romances are knockabout, repetitive stuff of ancient oral tradition –

> The carle raught Kay such a rapp
> That backwards he fell flatt

is a fair sample – and they were no doubt recited at fairs and festivals. In their humble way they fit into Mr Speirs's picture of a literature close to the life of the people. But other Romances are as courtly and frenchified and literary as anything in medieval poetry. Therefore to speak of the Romances as non-Chaucerian is to say no more than that Chaucer didn't write them: there is no tradition, independent of Chaucer, within which they can be placed. Which raises a further question: is Mr Speirs right in regarding 'the traditional literature that was contemporary with Chaucer' as, in some exceptional way, 'a poetry shaped directly out of the spoken language'? He argues persuasively, in his chapter on *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight*, that the so-called alliterative revival in the fourteenth century was not a revival at all; and his case seems to me to be strengthened by the unlikelihood of conscious antiquarianism giving rise to good poetry. But it is one thing to show, by historical and critical argument, that *Sir Gawayne* is a work of living literature, and quite another thing to establish a close link with the spoken language. Encouraged by the poetic reformers' habit of appealing to 'the language really used by men', critics are too ready to apply the real-life criterion as a universal test of excellence; whereas the truth may be that *Sir Gawayne* was further from contemporary speech than most of Chaucer, and not any the worse for that.

There is ample evidence to support Mr Speirs's view that the non-Chaucerian poetry, except Langland's, has been underrated and misinterpreted; and the strength of his book rests in the practical criticism by which he sets matters right. He has an eye for family likenesses persisting through generations and across literary genres. He reminds us of Ruth in the Authorised Version when he quotes

> Whider thou gost, i chil with the,
> And whider y go, thou schalt with me –

from the Breton lay in English called *Sir Orfeo*; and this kind of thing helps a beginner to shake off the numbing effect of surface archaism and strangeness: it is the first step towards experiencing the unity of English literature.

You cannot write a general and elementary book without making some bold assumptions. Most of Mr Speirs's assumptions concern the importance of pre-Christian survivals – vegetation myths and so forth – in medieval society; and his insistence (Mr Speirs is a devoted follower of Dr Leavis) on the autonomy of the critical discipline does not alter the fact that his book would be badly damaged if the importance of such survivals could be disproved. It is because such things are so difficult to determine either way that medieval literary studies remain a narrower and more technical business than Mr Speirs would like. And yet, as Dr Bennett shows in his study of Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*, traditional learning does not inevitably exclude a sense of wider critical issues. Dr Bennett's book will find general readers – even if not so many as Mr Speirs's – because it is written with a firmness and grace that recall Professor Lewis's *Allegory of Love*, and because (like the *Allegory of Love*) it has a theme. Dr Bennett sets out to rescue Chaucer's poem from those exegetes who have loaded it with topical allusion; 'it is in the fusing of "sentence" with "solace"', he writes, 'that Chaucer's whole art consists'; and he expounds a 'sentence' pointing beyond local and immediate issues to the paradoxical nature of love. This is well done, and it is only because of Dr Bennett's failure to tuck his learning under the table that his book can be called hard work.

JOHN JONES

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Death of a Man. By LAEL TUCKER WERTENBAKER. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Classical tragedy, with its formal inevitability, quick death and all-round release of tension, seems positively escapist compared with the all too frequent everyday predicament described in this book. It is an account, objective yet intensely personal, written by his wife, of the last few months in the life of an American writer afflicted with cancer of the bowel. It is extremely detailed and parts of it are so unbearable they make you long for the protective language of the clinical textbook. Mrs Wertenbaker spares you nothing, but she is not merely indulging in the immemorial device of alleviating a painful experience by writing it down and passing it on – though it is to be hoped the book will have given her some relief. She has a very remarkable story to tell and if she confronts you with a difficult exercise in reality testing, the fortitude displayed is so exceptional that some catharsis is guaranteed – even for the most hypochondriac reader.

Charles Wertenbaker was a strong athletic man with a marked physical and temperamental resemblance to Hemingway. He was a journalist who had recently given up newspaper work and taken to serious writing. Sensitive and thoughtful, he seems to have been a person of unusual integrity, a stoical humanist with a passion for Montaigne. He was aged fifty-three, and living in France when the symptoms of cancer first appeared. He went to New York for the operation and made his wife promise to tell him the exact truth at all times about his condition and conceal nothing. The surgeon opened him up and found the cancer was inoperable. There was nothing to be done except sew him up again.

Mrs Wertenbaker kept her promise, told him the truth, and took him back to France to die in the Basque country which he loved. Incidental horrors which had to be endured included an abscess bursting on board ship. They were also often worried about whether their available supply of morphia was going to hold out. Nevertheless they had many moments, hours, and sometimes even nearly whole days of happiness or at any rate tranquillity together. Wertenbaker never flinched and behaved all the time with a combination, truly wonderful under the circumstances, of courage and consideration. When he decided that pain and weakness were gaining on him too fast and it was time to die, he found his morphia tolerance had become so great that his wife had to help him open the veins on his wrists. Mrs Wertenbaker's writing is commendably straightforward. She omits nothing and never tries to restrain her own emotions. She succeeds in giving a strong impression of her husband's personality which she reinforces by skilfully interposed quotations from his own writing.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Where the Rum Comes From

Jamaica. By FERNANDO HENRIQUES. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*

My Mother Who Fathered Me. By EDITH CLARKE. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Jamaica. By PETER ABRAHAMS. *H.M.S.O.* 25*s.*

The Land of Look Behind. By MONA MACMILLAN. *Faber.* 21*s.*

There is the Jamaica of Lord Beaverbrook and Noel Coward, the winter cruise and the £14-a-day hotel. Less glamorous, the other Jamaica is more obtrusive: the tainted, inexhaustible source of those immigrants who arrive at London's chilly railway stations in vivid tropical clothing and distinctive broad-brimmed hats.

These four books deal with the immigrant source. Dr Henriques and Miss Clarke are Jamaicans and their books are the most informed. If you want to understand the Jamaicans—their aggressiveness, their amorality, their difficult pride and violent humour—you can find no better guide than Dr Henriques. He is sympathetic, reliable and entertaining. Miss Clarke is for the specialised reader. Her book is a report based on a two-year study of the Jamaican family, a chaotic institution that deserves two years' study.

Mr Abrahams and Mrs Macmillan are visitors. Mr Abrahams, a South African Negro, is a novelist. Mrs Macmillan is British; in her quiet way she is a colonial specialist. Both visitors have produced superficial, superfluous handbooks. Their structure is the same: the background mugged up and set out again, the prescribed trips taken, the right people met. Mrs Macmillan fell among women welfare workers; of her portraits of these 'wonderful people working so cheerfully, almost gaily', I liked this the best: 'It is a very humbling thing to be in the company of a saint. . . . She has a passionate sympathy with the poor, and as an instance is the only person I have ever met who could hotly defend Mrs Bennett of *Pride and Prejudice*'. Mr Abrahams fell among officials; he is full of facts and figures, smothered in a grey prose somewhere between that of a Blue Book and a White Paper. Mr Abrahams's book was commissioned by the Colonial Office for their excellent Corona Library; it bears all the marks of forced labour.

The Jamaican background can be summed up briefly: the discovery by Columbus in 1494; the Spanish settlement, the extermination of the natives and the introduction of Negro slaves; the British conquest in 1655, and the rise of the great slave plantations; the abolition of slavery in 1834; the new constitution of 1944.

We hardly need to be reminded of the brutalities of plantation slavery; what we can forget is that in Jamaica it lasted for two hundred years. Dr Henriques, with a correct emphasis, devotes more than half of his book to it, quoting at length from contemporary sources. Among them is a book by H. Collins, a progressive planter; it was published in 1811, when slavery had for many years been under attack. Collins says that slaves have to be kept in perpetual fear; yet the constant flogging which is practised is inefficient. 'By inducing a callosity of the parts, (the whip) destroys their sensibility, and renders its further application of little avail.' The punishment Collins suggests is overtime. The wise planter will also realise that

> it is much cheaper to breed than to purchase; the price of new negroes being three times as great as it was forty years ago.

And Collins gives detailed breeding instructions. The Negresses use all their wiles to avoid steady breeding. Therefore, their babies should be taken away from them as soon as possible; 'policy should be made to supply the place of instinct'; and the mother should be given a new privilege for every new baby, provided it lives. Medical care would also help. 'A negro, in ordinary travail, was but little more thought of than a cat in the same circumstances.'

The master was White; later he could be brown; the slave was always black. Two hundred years of slavery and intermarriage—or rather, concubinage—bred the West Indian's connoisseur's taste in colour. The Barbadian colour scale—white, fusty, musty, dusty, tea, coffee, cocoa, black, dark black—can be applied equally to Jamaica. But since emancipation there has never been any legal discrimination; and the visitor to Jamaica, who sees fusty, dusty, dark black mixing without constraint, might, like Mr Abrahams, believe he has found the race-less society. Dr Henriques sees deeper: 'All the different groups accept the idea that the European is the ideal and the Negro inferior'. But, with political progress, 'feelings about colour are altering almost daily. . . . Who knows, in time the black will be at the top'. Certainly I remember a tea-coloured Jamaican saying with disgust, 'The only way for you to get anything in this country today is to paint your face black and start bawling'.

Slavery, and the breeding H. Collins advised, didn't encourage family life. The habits of two hundred years die hard: 70 per cent. of Jamaicans today are illegitimate. Dr Henriques says much of this arises out of 'faithful concubinage'. But Miss Clarke's admirable survey reveals a degree of promiscuity that would strain the most liberal definition of the family: in three villages Miss Clarke recognised 92 types of households. Her conclusion is that, given the slave background, this sexual free-for-all will continue so long as there is insecurity; a view supported by the lower illegitimacy rate in prosperous Trinidad.

Will Jamaica ever get security? To describe the economy of Jamaica is to paint a terrifying picture of an unremittingly second-rate island

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hounded by Nature. Mountainous, its soil exhausted, it is subject to earthquakes and exposed to hurricanes. Jamaican sugar was never very good; Jamaican rum is not as good as Barbadian (the buccaneers imported wine, Mrs Macmillan says); Jamaican citrus is poor, though the limes are first-class; Jamaican cigars are not as good as Cuban; in 1943 Canada refused to take any more Jamaican coffee; and people are beginning to complain about Jamaican bananas. Jamaican bauxite, oddly enough, is desirable; it brings in £3,000,000 a year but creates little employment. And the population grows. Sadly, I reject Mrs Macmillan's consolation that electricity will put an end to 'the long dark evenings in which . . . the only possible recreation is sex'. Electricity or no electricity, there will soon be two million Jamaicans. It is hard to see what anyone can do, except eat more Jamaican bananas without complaining. And perhaps – who knows? – a banana a day will keep the Jamaican away.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Proconsuls and Experts

The Camel's Back. By REGINALD DAVIES. *Murray.* 21*s.*

The Desert and the Green. By THE EARL OF LYTTON. *Macdonald.* 25*s.*

Harry the Locust. By FRANK BAILEY. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

People may argue as to whether one country should or should not govern another, but all will agree that if it does it should send out the very best man that it can to do the job. The types that have gone out from Britain during the last thirty years are illustrated by these three autobiographies. All three authors have served in tough assignments in tropical countries – generally on their own with no one to rely on but themselves. All three seem to have had plenty of initiative and commonsense to deal with the most unpredictable and often ticklish situations. All three have a schoolboy sense of humour which probably stood them in good stead when they were dealing with these situations in climates not conducive either to clear thought or a good temper, but which is apt to be trying when seen in cold print.

Reginald Davies joined the Sudan Political Service in 1910, and within a year was a magistrate 'qualified' (the quotes are his own) to pass sentence of death. He had, too, to try to combine British justice with local custom – even going so far sometimes as to shut his eyes to the practice of slavery, in a country where, as he says, 'no wide and sudden cleavage between past and present has occurred'. The life must have been a hard one, with long camel treks across the desert which were often 'a living death', but he found the work fascinating and rewarding.

As a Rifle Brigade Officer, Lord Lytton was seconded for about four years to serve with the King's African Rifles. He had not been long in Nairobi before he was sent for and told that he was to take over the command of a frontier post. His Commanding Officer ('the kind of Commanding Officer you are accustomed to in the Rifle Brigade') ended by saying, 'At the age of 23 you go out to exercise an independent authority greater than Douglas Haig ever exercised during the war; I am sure you can do it'. It is perhaps natural, therefore, that he should not altogether appreciate the benefits of democracy, and Lytton is certainly no democrat. 'Can the stewardship of Empires be justly entrusted,' he asks, 'to mass electorates with neither the knowledge nor the desire to exercise it?' In spite of all this tiresome kind of stuff the book is worth reading, and its style is far the best of the three.

Although he was never in the Colonial Service and his views are certainly not those of the average Service Officer, his book is a vivid description of the country he was in, his way of life and the attitude of mind of the officer who is an expert at governing primitive people, but looks upon himself as the father of his children – who he thinks will remain children for the next century or two. Frank Bailey has a very different story to tell, of a tour of duty with the Locust Control Organisation. He describes vividly the work of the newest type to work in backward areas – the officer in an international organisation – who has to work through the local government and cannot dictate to it, and whose main object is to train the inhabitants of the territory to do the job themselves. Much of Mr Bailey's work was in the Hadhramaut where the surface temperature is sometimes more than 150 degrees.

In spite of its rather tiresome and painfully jolly style (he says of Mohammed that 'the prophet was naturally in a pique with Mecca') the book gives a good description of life in the desert, and a really vivid one of the locusts themselves, as well as other good little stories such as that of the Sultan whose pleasure it was to make twenty or thirty beautiful girls toboggan down a water chute into his arms.

The book ends with a sentence which reveals an attitude very different either from Mr Davies's or Lord Lytton's. 'I had a comfortable feeling of having accomplished my mission, for when the locusts came again the Arabs would need none of my help'.

JOHN DUGDALE

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Detection

4.50 from Paddington. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ill Will. By HENRY BRINTON. *Hutchinson.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Beware the Curves. By A. A. FAIR. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Death at the Strike. By COLIN WILLOCK. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Suddenly a Widow. By GEORGE HARMON COXE. *Hammond.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Christie is superb. A traveller on the *4.50 from Paddington* to the West Country is privileged to watch a murder in progress on the 4.33, running alongside her own train for a brief moment. She reports her experience to Miss Marple and departs for Ceylon, leaving that thoughtful old spinster to solve one of the neatest chess problems Mrs Christie has ever perpetrated. Wise guys, who take being fooled by Mrs Christie as a personal affront, will boil over with resentment, for they cannot this time accuse their antagonist of not playing fair. Of course, her plot leans heavily on coincidence and her characters are purely schematic, but every piece is squarely on the board and every move they make is tactically significant. Why then is the reader almost bound to accept the wrong gambit? In the first place, because Mrs Christie conditions our reflexes with the scientific precision that Pavlov developed in his dogs. When she tickles our palates with false clues, we inevitably secrete the erroneous saliva required of us and go greedily barking up all the wrong trees so thoughtfully provided for our distraction. She adopts the opposite methods to other detective writers who rely on their readers' stupidity: Mrs Christie relies on their intelligence to mislead them. 'The simplest kind of crime' sums up Miss Marple in conclusion; and so it is. But only a simpleton is likely to escape Mrs Christie's toils and guess the right answer to the *4.50 from Paddington.*

The others on the list look small fry beside the Christie whale. *Ill Will* is propounded in a country house in Cornwall, a very murderous county in fiction, where policemen are ponderous, girls almost too healthy-minded and healthy-bodied, and the cliff scenery lends itself to the easy disposal of bodies. When the old squire dies in the night, rather sooner than he should, why should his teen-age granddaughter be left the estate? Mr Brinton has devised a cogent reason with which he hopes to mystify readers who do not possess the requisite legal knowledge. Otherwise his plot has no kinks in it; and he employs a pleasant affable style. But I must hoist the old warning: 'Madness on the premises'.

Beware the Curves is published under the pseudonym of A. A. Fair, but Mr Erle Stanley Gardner has got himself all mixed up; for this is Perry Mason stuff, winding up with a dramatic case in Court, a prosecution preening itself on victory and the tables neatly turned by some last-minute legal adroitness, only with Donald Lam acting the Mason part and the deplorable Bertha Cool deputising for Della Street behind the scenes. The usual corrupt small-town politics in California provide the plot; and a splendid new girl with an aptitude for simulating rape enlivens proceedings.

Death at the Strike is by birth thriller-detection. The hero hooks a drowning man while fishing for carp in the purlieus of Dartmoor and an escaped convict is naturally soon on the scene. The plot thickens when the mixed lot of anglers at the fishing inn provides casualties. Mr Willock is an old hand at fishing, but a tenderfoot in detection. The mysterious leader of the gang bent on hidden treasure has about as much chance of eluding our piercing gaze, as has an innocent Devonshire trout of escaping the lures of Mr Willock.

'When you open this door I will be dead' is a nice notice for a wife to find outside her husband's bedroom door first thing in the morning, especially when it corresponds with her dearest wishes. *Suddenly a Widow*, however, tails off from this tight little domestic predicament into the wide, open spaces of gangsters and suchlike. Mr Coxe's American staccato is always readable and his characters achieve a jerky credibility; but it is time he tooled up for a new model in villains. The old assembly line has turned out too many of that pattern for us not to recognise their bodywork as soon as they cruise into view.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Prosecuting the Myth

The Poverty of Historicism. By KARL R. POPPER. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

One of the most striking features of contemporary British life – and one which marks it off, and I would say honourably distinguishes it, from that of America, France and Germany – is the tepid interest taken in, the scant respect shown towards, the various portentous theories which, starting from certain ascertained tendencies in past or present societies, go on to make prophetic assertions about the future of civilisation and to issue stern exhortations about the historical duties of man. 'Striking', I said, but 'striking' is perhaps not the right word, for so pervasive is this feature that it is possible to remain quite oblivious of it until suddenly a comparison with things elsewhere brings it home to one: as, for instance, in reading a book like M. Raymond Aron's *Opium of the Intellectuals,* one realises with a sigh of relief how superfluous such warnings are on this side of the Channel.

This healthy indifference is of course, like all social attitudes, somewhat over-determined: that is to say, it has more causes than are strictly necessary. But I suggest that on the purely deliberate, intellectual level, one of the most important influences that has kept young intellectuals from doctrines as diverse as those of Marx and Toynbee is the belief that all these doctrines in their different ways involve something called Historicism, and that 'Historicism' has been shown by Professor Popper in a series of articles in a learned periodical to be wrong. *The Poverty of Historicism* is a reprint of these articles, and if I have not grossly exaggerated their significance in the intellectual education of the *Zeitgeist,* its appearance must be an important event.

In his famous but I think misguided book, *The Idea of History,* Collingwood attacked certain theorists of history for committing 'the positivistic fallacy', by which he meant the crude importation into history of the methods of the natural sciences. Professor Popper's target, Historicism, is at once a worthier and a more complicated enemy, being subtly compounded out of an admiration for, and a hostility towards, these methods. Leaning, in the first place, heavily on the differences between the material of history and that of the physical sciences – *e.g.,* the absence of experiment or of quantitative analysis in history – Historicism then goes on to concoct for history a method which though different from, is yet supposed to run parallel to, physical method. Prophecies replace predictions, the study of wholes that of selected aspects, the discovery of trends the construction of laws.

The case that Professor Popper makes out for Historicism is strong, but the case that he then proceeds to make out against it is stronger still, and it is a true pleasure of the fairground to watch him bring down targets he has so cunningly set up. In a preface written specially for this reprint Professor Popper says that he does not consider himself to have produced in these articles what in the strict logical sense of the word could be called a *refutation* of Historicism: and judged even by persuasive rather than demonstrative standards, his arguments seem to me to vary somewhat in cogency. But the total effect is indubitable: Historicism is discredited.

This is one of the three or four most important books on the methodology of the social sciences

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A PERFECTION THEORY OF THE GOOD — Donald Walhout
"OUGHT" AND "IS" — R. F. Atkinson and A. C. Montefiore
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to appear since the war, and the reader would do well to forgive the heavy pontifical style of the author's writing for the sake of its splendid lucidity.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

The Orthodox City

Social and Political Thought in Byzantium. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Sir Ernest Barker's new book – and how many of us will be writing as incisively at the age of 82? – is a valuable addition to the literature in English on Byzantium. Its subject is doubly remote from us, in time and in space: for if medieval Latin thought requires exegesis, Byzantine thought is enwrapped in a still more recondite language, and moves in subtle patterns, blending more familiar Western concepts in ways that are only caricatured by crude terms like 'Caesaropapism'. But if it remains hard to feel one's way into Byzantine thinking the effort is very much worth while. It is not merely that the mental exercise invigorates, or that Byzantine civilisation, gilded and magnificent in its greatest ages, still has the exotic allure that it had for Liutprand of Cremona in the tenth century. What is more important, in our drably news-ridden age, is the fact the Byzantine Church became the Church of Russia, and that our present discontents are thus remotely descended from the medieval schisms and the cutting in two of the Roman Empire. It may not be fanciful, after all, to see in the so-called 'Caesaropapist' system an intertwining of political and religious emotions familiar not only in the great Russian novelists but also in Eastern politics today.

In his two introductory chapters, Sir Ernest delicately disentangles some of these themes in Byzantine thought, dealing in turn with its general and linguistic features, then with the Basileia, Ecclesia, and Paideia which corresponded – if only approximately – to the Latin triad of Regnum, Sacerdotium, and Studium. The remainder of the book consists of brief extracts, introduced with pocket biographies and explanations, from philosophers, legal documents, and general literature, from 527 down to the death of Gemistus Plethon *c.* 1450. Byzantine scholars will find few omissions, unless they are concerned with the history of the Church. Byzantium, as Sir Ernest agrees, was if anything more stirred by theology than by political philosophy; and this means that a 'social and political' selection from Byzantine writings is perforce deprived of some of their liveliest disputes. Within these limits, however, this selection seems judicious and fair.

An eleventh-century Latin observer described Constantinople as *'Christianissima et orthodoxa . . . civitas'*: and although this was meant as a compliment, the reader of Byzantine philosophising is tempted now and then to sigh at just how orthodox Constantinople was. Orthodoxy and formal 'autocracy' were perhaps the reason that popular thinking sought the safety-valve of theological debate: at all events, many of the extracts in the present volume are of the 'Mirror of Princes' variety, and lack the pungency of political writing in the West. At a time when our own world is superficially compared to Byzantium, and when certain historians exalt Greek sophistication over the supposed barbarity of the Latins, it is refreshing to be so shrewdly reminded that the Eastern Empire was at least inferior in one respect to the pious, fumbling Latin 'schoolmen' and the bloodthirsty, uncouth nobles blundering round on their cart-horses.

RICHARD MAYNE

November '38

Pogrom. By LIONEL KOCHAN. *Deutsch.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

With Germanic fondness for pompous theory, Albert Speer produced at the Nuremburg Trials a theoretical description of the Nazi dictatorship. It was 'the first in the present period of modern technical development'; it was able to 'mechanise the subordinate leadership'. In place of the clumsy, piecemeal cruelties of the past, the Nazis were able to erect a machine of precision persecution, each cog working with maximum efficiency in its proper place.

At first sight, Mr Kochan's book supports Speer's theory. The Nazi 'pogrom' of November 1938 – the reprisal for the assassination of the third secretary at the German Embassy in Paris – was the most systematic outbreak of anti-Semitism seen till then. All over Germany, synagogues were destroyed; 30,000 Jews were sent to concentration camps; a fine of over £100,000 was levied on Jewish property; Jews were excluded from all sectors of the economy. Hitherto, they had had an inferior status: now, they had none.

In fact, the most interesting feature of the pogrom was its incompetence, not its precision. The Nazis were inefficient as well as cruel. Goebbels's speech giving the signal for the outbreak was so vague that local SA commanders did not always see the point. In some areas, their units went into action in uniform, though the whole idea was that the operation should look spontaneous, not organised by the party. Inadequate preparations were made to receive the Jews sent to concentration camps: by January 1939, of the 10,000 sent to Buchenwald, 8,000 were released. The whole affair was economically senseless (at least, until Goering saved something from the wreck and turned it to the profit of the state): six million marks' worth of damage was done to plate glass alone – which had to be paid for in valuable foreign currency. All along, there were bitter dissensions between the lunatic anti-Semitism of Goebbels and the equally cruel but more intelligent policy of Goering. Speer's machine turns out to have been a blundering collection of stupid men, working apparently at cross purposes.

Mr Kochan describes the 'how' admirably: his attempts at a 'why' are less happy. Anti-Semitism is a recurrent feature of modern Europe. A detailed study of one episode would have been more useful if it had thrown some light on the general problem. The pogrom, after all, was meant to be the revenge of the German people on World Jewry. What was their real attitude? Mr Kochan does not tell us. All he offers in the way of a general explanation is the odd suggestion that modern man is jealous of the superior traditions of the Jews. It is a pity that a terse and moving book should have been marred by such a flabby introduction.

DAVID MARQUAND

Shorter Reviews

A Hundred Years of Philosophy. By JOHN PASSMORE. *Duckworth.* 35*s.*

In the cause of the spectacular advances made by philosophy in this century, the chroniclers and cartographers who ordinarily accompany the main body of the army have been pressed into, or have volunteered for, fighting service to the neglect of their usual duties, with the result that the civilian observer has little serious idea of what has been achieved or how. Of recent months a few attempts have been made to put this right and to undertake

A Scottish Coxswain

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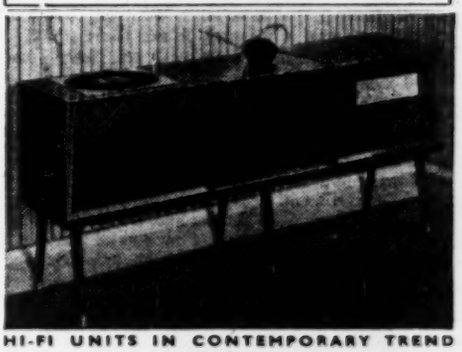

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a task too long neglected. Professor Passmore's book is the more remarkable of these efforts to date, if only because he seems genuinely to believe in the seriousness and the importance and the possibilities of writing the history of philosophy. The specifically 'modern' feature of his book (which runs from John Stuart Mill to last year's articles in *Analysis*) is that it systematically approaches philosophers' philosophical or metaphysical views through their logical views. On a number of neglected or despised corners of the subject Professor Passmore directs a clear and steady light in which the good things seem interesting and the bad things seem comprehensible. This book should be read by all who wish to understand, and not just to abuse, modern philosophy.

R. W.

Wine in the Ancient World. By CHARLES SELTMAN. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

The wild grape-vine grew in a long narrow strip of wooded country from Turkestan to Thrace. The first proven speakers in Europe of an Indo-European language, the Hittites, called fermented grape-juice uiian, and since then even Jews and Arabs have agreed that this is the proper name for it. Wine was so ordinary and universal a pleasure of the ancient world, touching it especially in religion, friendship, sex, poetry and trade, that we should expect scholars to have treated the subject exhaustively. T.E. Page's elegant note on the difference between the Calenian and Ceacuban wine which Horace would give Maecenas, and the Formian and Falernian which he wouldn't, is still happily in print: 'just as one might offer a distinguished friend some Léoville or Larose after dinner and modestly apologise for the absence of Latour or Lafite of '58.' One feels there is more to be said about Roman wine. Did Martial really drink Opimianum of 121 B.C. in A.D. 90? If so, had it really been stored at the back of a cupboard in the loft where it was warmed on and off by the smoke of a wood fire?

Dr Seltman, who died last summer still cheerfully young at 71, touches these questions rather briefly. He doesn't try to be exhaustive but writes very pleasantly as a learned man might talk after dinner, not wishing to keep up any topic for too long. If he feels sleepy he slips in a chapter of Xenophon's *Symposium* for us to read to ourselves. He digresses happily upon the Seltman subjects, the heterosexual life of Athens, the superiority of the Olympian religion over Christianity, his own meeting with a satyr on Mount Parnassus. He thinks Priapus was the oldest wine-god of the Mediterranean, but as he was, unlike Dionysus, a quiet fellow, he did not get out of Anatolia till Alexander's army found him a soldier's joke and planted him in gardens and epigrams. There is a useful chapter on the Greek wine-trade, which was widely advertised – free as usual – by the fifty city-states that figured grapes, wine-cups or amphorae on their coinage. At prices between twopence and a shilling a gallon they had to sell a great deal to make it worth while. Dr Seltman's book is a learned diversion for a winter evening. Perhaps it will persuade some other scholar to treat the subject not less cheerfully but as seriously as it deserves.

A. W.

New Penguins to be published on 9 January include Arthur Bryant's *Age of Elegance* (5s.), Rosamond Lehmann's *Echoing Grove* (3s. 6d.), Raleigh Trevelyan's *Fortress* (2s. 6d.), and Gerald Hanley's *Drinkers of Darkness* (2s. 6d.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,453 **Set by Maurice Cassel**

It is a hundred years since the present British Museum Reading Room was opened. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from the musings of the tutelary spirit. (Limit: 12 lines of verse.) Entries by 14 January.

Result of No. 1,450 Set by Marmaduke Dench

It used to be the pleasant and economical custom of poets to write verses as New Year gifts to important personages. The usual prizes are offered for such verses (not exceeding 12 lines) dedicated to any one of the following: Tommy Steele, Lord Hailsham, Hugh Trevor-Roper, P. B. H. May, Lord Altrincham, Mrs Gerald Legge and The Last Deb of 1958.

Report

The last Deb and the two peers between them grabbed a good three-quarters of the tributes. Skiffle brought up the rear, nor are competitors, it seems, cricketers. And only one verse to Mrs Legge? Shame!

Lord Hailsham evoked good entries from Guy Kendall, Pip and Trooper Jones, while Cockney and T. I. Sorley showed erudition in the language of rock-'n'-roll. The entries printed share the prize money. The runners-up are R. M. Anthony, Helena Ford, Nancy Gunter, Ernest Young, G. J. Blundell and W. G. Daish.

LORD ALTRINCHAM

Intrepid peer! how greatly do they err
Who call you blackguard, traitor, viper, cur.
Wise diplomat! Your much-bespattered name
In years to come shall win a fairer fame,
When witty monarchs, with mellifluous tongue
Shall circulate their far-flung realms among,
Bring rain to desert regions, and devise
For heirs-apparent novel marriage-ties.
Then shall vast crowds, with multi-racial pride,
Eye with complacency the swarthy bride;
And baffled Bolsheviks will quietly damn
The subtle policy of ALTRINCHAM.

GEOFFREY CARNALL

P. B. H. MAY

My wish for you, good PETER MAY,
Is to average fifty runs a day:
Full fifteen hundred, gaily cracked,
Before the end of – here with tact
I substitute the First of June –
And may, O May, the first come soon!
(I mean, of course, the first of May –
Your first May run, that is to say.)
And may, O May, all May be sun,
With never a cloud to mar the fun,
But in the covers many a clout
From merry May 'ere May is out.

GLORIA PRINCE

THE LAST DEB OF 1958

With jaunty feathered head, I, long ago,
Made my deep curtsey proudly, as you will.
(The panache of your feathered hat, I know
Is just as jaunty . . . . and as long the bill!)

Flocking together, last of a line are we,
Last deb., old dowager, with feathered crest.
We've had our hour. What will become of me,
How shall I – debless now – feather my nest?

MARGOT CROSSE

PROFESSOR HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

Hail, TREVOR-ROPER! New Year's Day
Is here with opportunity
For scotching snakes that ever lay
Ambushes for credulity.

Hitler is dead, but all around
Are subtler, smoother, slimmer beasts;
Up, master! Let the tocsin sound
The end of dogmas, creeds, and priests

H. HARDMAN

'Professor', – absent minded, bowed with age, –
So is he pictured on my memory's page.
But you, – I've read you in *Encounter*, seen
And heard you on the 'Telly', young and keen,
Using your rapier wit and eloquence
Against pretension and against good sense.
My wish for you in nineteen-fifty-eight
Is that this year you may discriminate,
And tilt no more at harmless sheep, oppose
Only the perverse minds of wisdom's foes.
So, REGIUS PROFESSOR, you will be
Master of Arts, – of Truth and Courtesy.

J. AITKEN

LORD HAILSHAM

Tinkle, tinkle little HOGG,
Through the thick Westminster fog.
Tory voters in a flap
Like that ding-dong note, old chap.
Nasty doubts re Suez blunder,
Dulles drip and Krushchev thunder,
Yankee H-bombs overhead,
Sterling edging towards the red,
Yield to thoughts of happier times,
School dinner-bells or wedding-chimes.
Winston Stork and Harold Log
Thank you for your tinkles, HOGG.

APPLE TREE

TO TOMMY STEELE, WITH A LUTE

This instrument's not fitly strung with steel,
Nor throbs with electronic sharps and flats:
But what an ecstasy your fans will feel
When your hep fingers pluck the guts of cats!

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Anatomy of Melancholy

Optimists expect the world recession to worsen gradually for the next six to nine months, pessimists fear that it may last longer or go further: nobody really hopes for a prosperous new year. In the United States, where industrial output has already dropped by 7 per cent, things seem likely to get worse before they begin to get better – Wall Street is expected to fall further and unemployment will probably reach 4 million in the spring. The world's reserves of gold and dollars are uncomfortably small, the dollar gap is already wide open. Everybody is sure that a major slump is inconceivable nowadays, nobody is certain of anything else. The City feels melancholy.

* * *

Its melancholy is deep-seated. Wage negotiations, for example, which seemed of such critical importance a few months ago, have lost much of their news-value. The common assumption is that there will be no widespread industrial unrest and that arbitration will result in a general but modest increase in wage rates. But what are wage negotiations in the immutable fluctuations of the business cycle? Industry may remain cheerful, but the City is concerned with the immediate and dismal outlook for industrial profits. So far as stock markets go, there is little to look forward to but an early reduction in interest rates – and the end-year tipsters have shown a natural tendency to limit themselves to short-dated gilt-edged stocks. A general advance in industrial issues, even if it were likely to take place, would be met by an onrush of industrial borrowers.

New issues, in fact, are the main business of stock markets at the moment. The recent Newcastle issue (28 times subscribed) was stagged even more heavily than the BP convertible, but it would be a mistake to suppose that vast sums of money are available from the general public at the moment except when there is an opportunity of a quick and riskless capital profit. The massive rights issues to be made by Shell and Royal Dutch within the next few weeks have been a depressing influence on markets for some time, and there are plenty of smaller issues patiently queueing.

The uneasy melancholy of the City, however, goes a good deal deeper than the state of stock markets. A chapter is ending. Even if the year's wage negotiations are concluded satisfactorily, even if the world recession turns out to be temporary and modest, things will not be what they were before. Not only is there a general election in the offing: other fundamental upheavals are on the way, of which the Parker tribunal and the Radcliffe committee can provide only a foretaste. The City, as the last two years have made plain, can no longer afford to put its nostalgia into practice. The City realises it: its melancholy is fatalistic and centres on the state of sterling. The pound, for all its apparent strength, has not recovered from its buffeting of the past two years. The gold reserve is tiny and exposed to any shift in international confidence. If there is another run on sterling this year – and many people in the City fear that there will be – the nakedness of the emperor will be shouted in public as well as whispered in private. Naturally the City felt alarmed rather than gratified when the Treasury chose this moment to bring out invisible earnings figures to justify its existence.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 425. Old Boys and Very Young Ones

Unlike some very loyal readers, I do not keep a private file of the column nor did I ever look at any piece older than three weeks: not until I felt that, at long last, I ought to do something about that new Assiac-book which so many readers have asked for with such persistent kindness for so many years.

That meant lugging home from the office some 14 or 15 fat NS volumes, so as to have a glance at some 400 old columns. I am still thus nostalgically occupied at odd moments, and rather touched to see that a score or so of regular solvers has been with us since the early fifties, or even sooner. In the 'Readers' Own' piece of 17 May 1952 I find the first of several contributions from young schoolboys, each of them introduced by C. Allen who has done a great deal to encourage chess among the boys of Southsea. He is still doing it and he has just sent me this position (R. Bidd-V, Beane, Southsea, 1957). Both boys are under 15, and Black obviously continued (1) . . . BxB; (2) QxB, QxP ch; (3) K-Q2, Kt-B6 ch; (4) K-B3. So far, so good; and now, after but a moment's thought, young Beane confidently continued . . . R-QB1!: (5) QxR, Q-Q5 ch; (6) K-Kt3, Kt-Q7 ch; (7) K-R3, Kt-B5 ch; (8) K-Kt3, QxKtP ch, and White resigned. Attaboy! Which, incidentally, was the title of yet another piece (1954) in praise of the boys' club at Southsea. Another well-deserved prize for I. Avinery of Tel-Aviv who won this interesting game.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-QB3; (4) Kt-B3, Kt-B3; (5) P-K3, QKt-Q2; (6) B-Q3, PxP; (7) BxP, P-QKt4; (8) B-Q3, P-QR3; (9) P-K4, P-B4; (10) P-K5, PxP; (11) Kt-K4, B-Kt5 ch; (12) B-Q2, BxB ch; (13) QxB, KtxKt; (14) BxKt, QR-Kt1; (15) QxP, B-Kt2; (16) R-Q1, Q-B2; (17) O-O BxB; (18) QxB, P-R3; (19) R-Q6!, O-O; (20) Q-K3, Kt-Kt3; (21) Q-Kt3, KR-Q1; (22) KR-Q1, Kt-B5; (23) Q-B3, R(Kt1)-B1!; (24) RxR ch, RxR; (25) RxR ch, QxR; (26) P-KR3, Q-Q8 ch; (27) K-R2, Q-QR8!; (28) Q-Q4, QxKtP; (29) QxQ, KtxQ; (30) Kt-K1, P-Kt5; (31) K-Kt3, P-QR4; (32) P-B4, Kt-Q8; (33) Kt-Q3, Kt-B6; (34) Kt-B1, P-R5; (35) K-B3, KtxP!; (36) resigns.

Another chessbook voucher goes to one of our crack solvers who, as a composer, likes to employ the pen-name 'Rook's Pawn'. He has studied this famous old study (1888) of Bergers. /3K4/8/2P5/P7/8/6k1/8/4r3/, and he thinks that (1) P-B7 (alleged to lead to a mere draw) will win as well as the author's (1) P-R6. (Rescuers, if any, to the front, please!) One of 'Rook's Pawn's' lines leads to this neat little study. /2K5/2P5/16/P7/8/1r6/1k6/. Here White can draw by (1) P-R5, R-R7; (2) P-R6!, RxP; (3) K-Kt7, R-R7; (4) P=Q, R-Kt7 ch, etc.

A: A. J. Head 1957

The 4-pointer for beginners is as home-made as it ought to be in a 'Readers' Own' week. A game position in which A. J. Head (White) forced immediate resignation. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins; the former should be a bargain with the useful hint that the Black K must either leave his Kt to perish or be mated in the attempt of rescuing him. Usual prizes. Entries by 13 January.

B: A. & K. Sarychev 1930

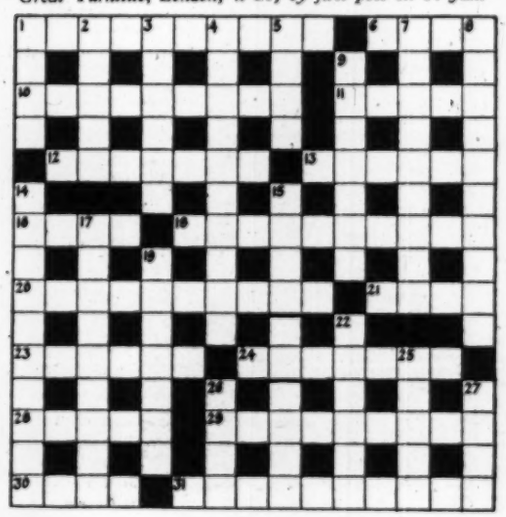
C: Troitzky & Herbstmann 1934

Competition report held over. Meanwhile, friendly seasonal wishes from many correspondents are sincerely reciprocated.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 284

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 284, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 14 Jan.



ACROSS

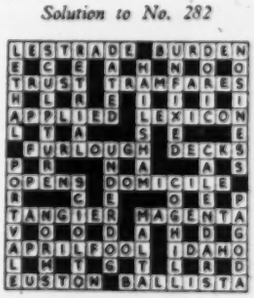
1. Week-end occasion for parliamentary tories? (10).
6. The town needs a circle inside to make a marketplace (4).
10. Makes a table but a slate is broken (9).
11. A crude effort is put to shame (5).
12. Stews or tempers? (7).
13. Fall for the new version of the red aim (6).
16. The big river is against her (4).
18. It is permissible to hop it before I get married (10).
20. Fruit for those who are not well in the cinema (10).
21. Goddess who is a little shorter than Satan (4).
23. Bunter's class-mate keeps information in his head (6).
24. The crime of a receiver (7).
28. She has to exist on nothing (5).
29. Conversation with vegetables featured in pantomime? (9).
30. Help a slave (4).
31. Emphasises one change from subordinates (10).

DOWN

1. Successful strikes? (4).
2. Uninvited guest from Burma (5).
3. 'A man who, for his own amusement, never took up any book but the Baronetage' (6).
4. Is the saint corrupted to become the exact opposite? (10).
5. River trial (4).
7. Sink like a number in a chaotic regatta (9).
8. The removal of the beginning makes an altered shape arise (10).
9. Fuddled, but there is nothing up with the girl (7).
14. Something savoury made by a monster with a novelist (10).
15. What there is to eat makes one sick and away from work in unluxurious surroundings (4, 2, 4).
17. 'Facts alone are wanted in life,' he said (9).
19. Talk foolishly with a relative below (7).
22. A utensil for Stiggins (6).
25. Measure for a lot of mountains (5).
26. Place in Scotland with nothing to prohibit (4).
27. Sports equipment in using which the risk is great (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 282



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 282

C. Gillon (Jerusalem), Miss L. Bryson (Richmond), R. W. Williams (Hitchin).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF MANAGEMENT

invites applications for two senior appointments in the Information and Library Department. The Library has a staff of 12 and maintains an active postal loans and inquiry service. The appointments are:—

(1) Librarian. (Responsible to the Chief Librarian in charge of the Department.) Applicants should be fully conversant with special library routine and information work, with experience of staff control. The post calls for organizing ability and planning of reader services. Some knowledge of the literature of the economic and social sciences an advantage. Starting salary within the range £850-£1,000.

(2) Assistant Librarian. (Cataloguing and Classification.) Applicants should be capable of taking charge of and developing this side of the Library's activities, with the assistance of the cataloguing staff. Previous experience of the Universal Decimal Classification essential. Starting salary within the range £600-£800.

For both these appointments professional qualifications are desirable. Applications should be addressed to The Director,

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF MANAGEMENT,
80 Fetter Lane, London, EC4, marked LIB. (1) or (2).

A CAREER IN MARKET RESEARCH

Attractive vacancies in our Market Research Department are open to single women under 30 years of age for active outdoor work. Our interviewers meet people of all kinds in connection with Market Research surveys. The work can involve considerable travel throughout Great Britain, good Hotel accommodation is arranged.

This is not a selling job.

Applicants for these positions should be prepared to be based upon any of the following: Preston, Manchester, Sheffield, Tees-side, Birmingham, North London. Our interviewers must possess a good standard of education, pleasing personality and appearance and ability to drive.

The Company provides a minimum gross remuneration of £500 per annum and pays expenses when away on Company business.

Applicants should write giving full details and endorsing the letter 'Market Research Interviewer', to the Personnel Officer, Petfoods Limited, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

AUSTRALIA - University of New England. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in the Department of Adult Education. The person appointed will be required to supervise pilot projects in rural extension, to maintain liaison with local organisations and to direct the production of visual aids and other extension teaching material. Experience and qualifications in agricultural science, education or a relevant branch of the social sciences would be an advantage, but applicants with other suitable experience will be considered. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications within the range £A1,200× £A80 – £A1,750 (Lecturer) or £A1,800× £A70 – £A2,150 (Senior Lecturer) plus a cost of living adjustment at present amounting to £A70 (males) and £A53 (females). Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications will close, in Australia and London, on 31 January 1958.

ESSEX. Harlow Child Guidance Clinic—Part-time educational psychologist (approx. 22 hrs. a week) required at this new clinic. The work will include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training school in child guidance work. Proportion of Soulbury II salary scale payable. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

RESEARCH literary assistant. Interesting medico-social work. Shorthand, typing. Salary rising to £546. Apply Group Secretary, Ipswich and East Suffolk Hospital, Anglesea Road, Ipswich.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA - University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Histology and Embryology. Candidates with a principal interest in morphological, physiological or chemical cytology are required. Salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200-80-£1,750 per annum; for a Senior Lecturer £A1,800-70-£2,150 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed (£70 men, £53 women). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 31 January 1958.

AUSTRALIA - University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in* English Literature. The Lecturer will be expected to take a considerable part in a programme of tutorials for small groups of students. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200-80-£1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 31 January 1958.

ST GABRIEL'S College, Cormont Road, London, SE5. Required for September 1958, (1) a Lecturer (man or woman) with qualifications in the sociology of childhood to help in the Education Department. This is a new post which offers scope for field work with students and children. (II) A Lecturer (man or woman) for Junior School Education. Preference will be given to applicants with experience of work in both Junior and Secondary Modern schools. One of these posts may carry with it the status of Senior Lecturer. Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Principal by 14 February.

CITY of Sheffield, Public Health Department. Applications are invited for the following appointments. (a) Mental Health Visitor (Female) in the Mental Health Service. Duties mainly under the Mental Deficiency Acts and consisting of the visitation of mental defectives, completion of preliminaries for ascertainment and the preparation of petitions. The officer appointed may be required to perform other analogous duties including care and after care of mental patients. Candidates must hold either a Diploma or Certificate in Social Science (or Mental Health) of a University, or a similar qualification, or had at 1 April 1950, five years experience in responsible mental health social work. (b) Social Workers (Male or Female) for special duties in regard to the Mental Health Service, and/or Care of the Aged and Socially Inadequate Families. It is desirable that candidates should hold a Social Science Diploma or equivalent qualification, or have had suitable experience in comparable posts. Salary Grade APT. I (£575-£725) for appointment (a) and for qualified candidates appointed for posts (b). Posts superannuable, medical examination. Applications (indicating which post is preferred) stating age, qualifications, experience, present and previous appointments (with dates and salaries) and two referees should reach the undersigned by the 13 January 1958.—John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

WESTMINSTER Old People's Welfare Association. Social Welfare Worker with wide experience. Interesting and rewarding work for right person. Age over 30 years. Salary according to age and experience, min. £520 p.a. Superannuation. Written applications by 15 January to Organising Secretary, 31 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

HOLBORN Borough Council require part-time female social worker trained or experienced in Social Welfare for service with old people. Ten to twenty hours per week. Salary at the rate of 6s. per hour. Further particulars and application form from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Holborn, WC1, by 24 January 1958.

QUEEN Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London E2. Certified Almoner (as Assistant) required. Whitley Council scale and conditions viz £505 to £605 p.a. plus London Weighting. Applic. with names of two referees to Group Sec.

RECEPTIONIST wanted for publishers' showroom. Answer telephone, enquiries; typing and a little shorthand. Hours 9-5.30. No Saturdays. Salary according to experience. TEM. 0044.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FREELANCE Translators required by West End Translation Bureau for technical and scientific work. Write, stating experience, qualifications and fees required, to Box No. 101, c/o Townend-Smith & Hardy, Ltd., 15 Hanover Square, W1.

VACANCY for enterprising young woman interested in international relations, prepared for really hard work and responsibility in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, sense of humour and some knowledge of typing and French essential. Other languages useful. Previous exp. not essential. Write: En Famille Agency, 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

WOMAN graduate required by Merchant Bankers for Research Department. Work would primarily involve extracting and arranging of economic and investment material. Please write stating age, experience and qualifications to Box DE/92, c/o 95 Bishopsgate, EC2.

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for Assistant in Social Insurance and Industrial Welfare Department. Besides Social Insurance, Department covers occupational health, welfare and safety. Background knowledge of economic aspects of social legislation desirable. Further particulars from Sir Vincent Tewson, TUC, 23-28 Great Russell Street, London, WC1. Closing date for completed applications 20 January.

HOUSEFATHER wanted in New Year for Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Road, Croydon.

EDITORIAL Secretary for editor of new Jewish monthly required. Initiative and experience as private secretary essential. Quick speeds, methodical mind important. Second language an advantage. Good salary for right person. Box 7184.

JOURNALISM. The British Medical Association requires an editorial assistant for their specialised medical journals. Graduate with some editorial experience. Salary according to age and experience. Staff pension scheme. Apply Sub-Editor, Special Journals Department, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, WC1, giving particulars of age, qualifications and experience.

WANTED immediately for Stuttgart Translation Bureau, first-class German/English translator. Highest standards. Salary DM. 13,000 (£1190). Pref. single. Experience in textile & fashion terminology, industrial sales literature. Write to E. H. Fox, Regent School of Languages, 160 New Bond Street, W1, with full details.

EDITORIAL Assistant (female) required at once. Typing and some knowledge of editorial work essential. Interesting post dealing with Royal National Institute for the Blind periodicals. Commencing salary £605 p.a. plus luncheon vouchers. Pension and life assurance scheme. Write full particulars to Staff Secretary, 224 Gt Portland St, London, W1. EUSton 5251.

PADDINGTON Green Children's Hospital, W2. (St Mary's Hospital). Applications are invited for the post of Secretary/Shorthand typist to the Dept of Psychology. Interesting and varied duties. The appointment is in accordance with Whitley Council Agreements Grade B. Salary £395 at age 23 rising to £486 p.a. plus London Weighting allowance. Applications stating age and previous experience together with names and addresses of two referees to the Secretary.

EXPERIENCED Shorthand Typist required by medical journal. Accuracy and intelligence essential. Knowledge of medical terms an advantage. Apply Box 7327.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist with good educational background to take charge of typing office required by Etam Ltd. Buying Office. Hours 9-5.30, no Sats. Very good salary. Please apply in writing with full details to 65 South Molton Street, W1.

COLONIAL affairs. Competent shorthand/typist for important and interesting work. Monday-Friday, four weeks holiday. £7 10s. p.w., £8 after six months. Part-time considered. Write, Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

SECRETARY reqd. for partner in prof. firm W1. 23/25. Sal. £11—£12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W1. HUN. 0676.

PERSONAL Secretary for a Liberal Jewish Minister. Competent and experienced. Interesting work in congenial atmosphere. 5-day week. Apply General Secretary, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. (CUN. 5181.)

GERMAN sh./typist for lawyer's office, Barnet. Short wkg. hrs. Box 7252.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone GERrard 2848.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HOUSEKEEPER, middle-aged, capable homemaker, conscient., pleas. personality, exc. ref., sks. post with 1 or 2 gentlemen. Bach/Doctor's estab. prefd. Box 7314.

MALE stenographer London seeks part-time sec. work mornings only. Box 7190.

ENGLISHWOMAN, 40, artist, experience teaching, some typing; interests art, literature, seeks post; publishing, museum work, research or suggestions. Box 7315.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

LADY journalist Univ. educ., 25, exp. sub-editing, feature writing, fast sh./typing, wishes undertake responsible work. Salary immaterial. Impeccable refs. Box 7287.

JOB in Bookshop, Advertising, Publishing or similar for best results from young woman (BA hons) artistic, musical, very adaptable. Please write now. Box 7261.

FELLOWSHIPS

RESEARCH in Economics and Finance. Houblon-Norman Awards. The Trustees of the Houblon-Norman Fund invite applications for Fellowships or Grants in aid of Research into the working of industry and finance in Great Britain and elsewhere and the economic conditions affecting them. Fellowships, which are intended for experienced research workers, are awarded for full-time research for one year, which may be renewed for a second year. Grants are awarded for either full-time or part-time work. The amount of the awards, which will take effect from 1 October 1958, will depend upon the circumstances of the candidate and the probable expenses of his work. Candidates must be British subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom. Forms of application, which may be obtained from the Secretary of the Fund, c/o the Bank of England, London, EC2, should be returned by 1 March.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations. Two or more Major Scholarships value up to full fees (£111 p.a. day boy; £261 boarder). Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions. Junior Group age: 10.2 to 11 and a half. (Maths and English). Senior Group, age 11 and a half to 13.8. Exam. end of February. Further particulars from Headmaster.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of January 'Plebs', 'The European Common Market', by Harry Hynd, JP, MP; 'Humpty Dumpty Analysed', by John Taylor, MP; 'The Struggle for a Free Press', by Frank Allaun, MP; 'Social Security', by Andrew Boyd; 'Automation Invades the Office', by G. F. Thomason; 'Socialist Forces in Asia', by Julius Braunthal; 'G. D. H. Cole Misses a Chance', by Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'You Can Sell Literature', by B. K. Preuss; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar. 'The Cockpit'; 'Pars from the Press'; 'New Books'; 'NCLC News'; 'Plebs' is 6d. by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

SECRET Police in Britain??? You don't believe it? You want to know more about them? Campaign for the Limitation of Secret Police Powers' pamphlet, 'A Year with the Secret Police' will give the answers 1s. post free from Stanley Mayne, Queen Anne's Chambers, 28 Broadway, SW1.

'A CASE for Optimism' on peace prospects posed by D. N. Pritt, QC, in the January Labour Monthly. Also: 'Where Does Labour Stand Now?' (Councillor E. A. C. Roberts); 'Diary of a Sputnik' (Dogwatch); and Palme Dutt's Notes on Unilateralism, Neutralism, etc. Post free 1s. 8d.; or half yearly (envelope rate) 10s., Dept. NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

CAN we produce too much? Farming's Future; African Constitutions. 'Labour Research', 9d. (11s. p.a.), 2 Soho Sq, W1.

MONTHLY Review.—An independent Socialist magazine. Discusses with clarity and simplicity of style the development of socialism all over the world. Edited in N.Y. by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Annual sub. 25s.; single copies 2s. 6d. Write to P. B. Price, English Rep., 48 Balcombe St, London, NW1.

'AMERICAN Capitalism', by Massimo Salvadori (2s. 6d.) was highly praised by President Eisenhower. From your bookseller or (plus 3d. postage) from Pall Mall Press, 123 Pall Mall, SW1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books) 'phone AMB. 1564 or write c/o Box 7226.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality,' and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist,' free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

WHERE TO STAY

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 55 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM Holidays—1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouses, 900 farms, illustrated. 3s 10d post paid. Farm Guide, 180 High St., Paisley.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

PERSONAL

PERSON, preferably some knowledge Economics/History, required for translating Swedish or Italian or Serbian or Russian, part-time, in London. Box 7289.

REDCLIFFE Festival Choir meets Thursdays 7.30-9.30 p.m., St. Luke's Church, Redcliffe Square, SW10. New members: 76a Redcliffe Square. FRE. 8521.

GROUP Psychology and Living Research: send card for prospectus of special period Jan.-Mar. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

EX-HAILEYBURY requires job, in clerical, literary or like capacity. Full details on request. Box 7239.

ROOMY self-contained flat, NW1, rent free in return assistance to literary man living in flat above. Box 7273.

STUDENT, any nat., can have room, etc., for minding two boys and clearing flat, 4-8.30 p.m. wkdays. only. Mother tchr. & studying. Write/call evg. (not Mon. or Fri.) C. Froshaug, 26 Greencroft Gdns., NW6.

SMALL furn. office to let incl. light, heat, cleaning, etc. Secretarial services available if reqd. Padbury, 22 South Molton Street, W1. MAY. 2070.

EXPERIENCED journalist, London, sought by Continental cookery expert to collaborate. Press contacts essential. Box 7175.

MOTOR cyclist wishes contact owner Lond. area, view weekend trips. Box 7218.

ROME. Italian widow lets rooms in modern top floor flat overlooking Vatican, from 8s. including Continental breakfast; lift & hot water. Signora Siniscalchi, Via Germanico 24 (Flat 18), Roma.

WILL ex-members of the former Sex Education Society (Norman Hare) and others who would be interested in formation of a similar society please write Box 7286.

FOREIGN Language an asset. 'Au Pair' posts for girls—p.g. accom. exchanges avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send today for Free Foider 'What's in It for You'. The Writer, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair', Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., SW3. KEN. 1586.

VITAL Community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

5 GNS. will cover my portrait charge with 6 prints for reproduction (for your publisher, agent, brochure). Anthony Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gdns., NW8.

'YOU may smoke' said the chairman, looking bland, 'Please pass the Tom Long, my favourite brand'.

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13 Jan. at 7.30
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16 and 18 Jan. at 7.30
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THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet)
Last four perfs.:
8 Jan. at 7.30
SYLPHIDES, THE BURROW,
VENEZIANA
10 Jan. at 7.30
VENEZIANA, GISELLE

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
Evgs. at 7 (No perfs. 6 & 13 Jan.)

7, 9, 15 & 18 Jan. Rigoletto
8 & 16 Jan. La Boheme
10 & 14 Jan. Hansel & Gretel
11 Jan. Il Trovatore
17 Jan. Marriage of Figaro.

POULENC. 'The Carmelites', intro. by Felix Aprahamian, illus. by members Covent Garden cast. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, SW1, Sun. 26 Jan. at 8 p.m. Full partics.; Hon Secretary, Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W8.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Mats. only. 'New Clothes for The Emperor'. Evenings Tu./Sn. 'A Stranger in the Tea.' Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 4th edn. Fr. 2.30, Sun. fr. 4. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Joan Greenwood, 'Lysistrata'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Dly 2.30 & 7.30. 'Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots.'

TOWER. 7.30, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 Jan. 1958. Thackeray's 'The Rose and the Ring'. Real Christmas fare. CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. Sat. 4 Jan. 7.45. Gala opening 'Robin Hood'. Also Sun. Mems.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Works by Telemann, J. C. Bach, Purcell, Haydn, Bach, Handel. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm., Sat., 11 Jan., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

POETRY-Reading by Mr. John Betjeman and Soirée 7.45 p.m. 15 Jan. 1958. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., SW1. Tickets 10s. from William Morris Society, 35, Hendon Avenue, N3.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 5 Jan. 'The Great Adventure' (U), 'The Red Balloon' (U). From 6 Jan., International Film Season. 'Munna' (U) (Indian).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank Wat 3232. Sat., 4 Jan., 'Four Chimneys.' 3.00, 6.00, 8.30. Mems. & Associates only.

ROXY. Bay. 2345. 5 Jan. 7 days. Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, Julius Caesar, A; Love Of a Clown, A.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Don Shearman Trio and Johnnie Ware playing Mainstream and Modern Jazz for Dancing. Today, 4 January, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s and their guests 5s.

DANCE. Sat., 4 Jan. 6 Queen's Sq., Nr. Holborn Tube. Cent. Lon. Fabian Soc.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of paintings from public and private collections are obtainable at all good printshops. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt. Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St., W1. Five Painters. Private View for members, 8 Jan., 6 p.m. Opener: Roland Penrose. 9 Jan. to 8 Feb. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Members free. Admission 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Contemporary British paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1957-58. Last three days. Today and Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

THE Folio Society, 70 Brook Street, W1. Photographs of 19th Century Authors from the Gernsheim Collection.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Reputations in the making; six young British Artists.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, W1. (GERrard 3529.) F. N. Souza, new paintings 1957.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. New Year Exhibition - an annual event. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Ivan Cuba (Sculpture & Paintings) and Van Haardt (Paintings). Opening 3 January. 10-7 daily including Sats.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. French Lithographs. 10 Dec.-10 Jan. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery 20 Cork Street, W1. 'Voyages Marine'. Twelve hundred pictures of Ships and the Sea. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lunch-hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission Free. 14 Jan.—Communication, Control and Memory Systems in Man and Machines: Dr W. K. Taylor. 16 Jan.—Self-Reproducing Objects, Professor L. S. Penrose. 21 Jan.—Savonarola and the Renaissance, Professor R. Weiss. 23 Jan.—Samuel Pepy's Domestic Music, Dr McD. Emslie. 28 Jan.—The Women of Ancient Egypt, Miss Margaret S. Drower. 30 Jan.—The Origin of the Free-Will Problem, Mr D. J. Furley. 4 Feb.—The British Ennedi Expedition, Dr A. J. Arkell. 6 Feb.—Byzantine Schools and Schoolmasters, Mr R. Browning. 11 Feb.—Plant Poisons, Dr L. Fowden. 13 Feb.—Is 'La Chanson de Roland' Worth Reading? Dr G. Hall. 18 Feb.—The Cell Membrane: What Is It? Dr J. D. Robertson. 20 Feb.—Freedom and Causation, Mr P. B. Downing. 25 Feb.—Van Gogh, Mr Andrew Forge. 27 Feb.—Wounds and Scars in Skin, Dr D. W. James. 4 Mar.—The Research Student and the Public Library, Mr R. F. Vollans. 6 Mar.—Hellenism in Jewish Palestine, Dr S. Stein. 11 Mar.—Galen's Theory of the Nervous System, and its Persistent Influence, Dr J. S. Wilkie. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College, London, Gower St., WC1. (Stamped envelope required.)

ISRAEL in Danger? Public meeting, Mostyn Hotel, Portman Street, W1, Tuesday, 7 January, 8 p.m. Speakers: Dr W. von Weisl, Director European Bureau of General Zionism, Mr Guy Eden, Diplomatic Correspondent and Broadcaster. Mr Y. Shek, First Secretary Israel Embassy. Chairman, Samuel Landman. For reserved seats apply Mrs Allen, Hon Sec, General Zionist Organisation, 43 Russell Gardens, NW11. Tel. SPE. 3328.

WORLD Jewish Congress—British Section; Jewish Forum, Monday, 6 January 1958, at 8 p.m. Friends House (Garden entrance), Euston Road, NW1. 'Are Jews News?' Speakers: James Cameron, Brian Inglis, A. L. Easterman, Sydney Jacobson; chairman: Dr S. A. Miller. Admission Free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Angus Wilson will speak on 'The Novel in England Today', 8 Jan., 7.30 p.m., 57 Dean St., W1. Visitors 2s.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 3 Jan., 8.30. Dr C. David Ley, 'The First European Classic of Travel in the Far East'. Fri. 10 Jan. 8.30. Mr Torbjern Stoverud, 'Grieg and Norwegian Folk Music' (Illus.). Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome

BASIL Taylor speaks on 'Contemporary Art in USA' on Mon. 6 Jan. at 8.30, Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave). Arr. Finsbury Art Group. Non-members 1s. 6d.

DEMOCRACY in Industry: Society for Democratic Integration in Industry Inaugural Mtg. Wed. 8 Jan., 2.30 for 3 sharp. Council Chamber, 27 Tavistock Sq., WC. Spkr: Wilfred Wellock and ors., all welc.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Tue., 7 Jan., 7.15 p.m. Dr C. K. MacDonald, 'Does Jazz Matter?' Illustrated. Adm. free.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 5 Jan. 'The Secret Doctrine', ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queens Gdns, W2.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. (PARk 7696). Fri. 10 Jan., 8 p.m., Baron A. Meyendorff, 'Our Time'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and Demonstrations London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Old Medium—New Writers. A discussion on writing for the theatre. Speakers: Michael Hastings, Bernard Kops, Peter Wood, Sylvia Wynter. Chairman Tom Maschler. Tuesday, 7 January, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tribute to Robert Graves. Speakers: William Empson, Peter Green, R. G. G. Price, James Reeves. Chairman: John Wain. Thursday, 9 January, 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 5 Jan., 6.30. Music & Readings. 7.0 p.m., R. S. W. Pollard, 'Speed Up Law Reform'.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 11 January at 6 p.m. M. Roger Devic: 'Fromages de France.'

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sunday 5 January, 11 a.m. W. E. Swinton, PhD. 'The Old Year and the New—a Survey'. Adm. free.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, 6.30, Thurs., Jan. 9; 'Vedanta and Christianity'. Suns. 5 p.m. 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10; Kingly Yoga. All welc.

ZION House Lectures (in conjunction with the University of London). Dr A. Altmann, 'Maimonides'. 57 Eton Avenue, NW3. 8 p.m., Tues., Jan. 7.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on 'The Relief: its Place in Greek Life and Thought': (i) 'Grave Reliefs'; (ii) and (iii) 'Votive Reliefs' will be delivered by Professor Bernard Ashmole (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on 13, 14 and 16 January at University College (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on 'The Community of Problems in Comparative Law' will be delivered by Professor F. F. Stone (Tulane University of Louisiana) at 5 p.m. on 13, 20 and 27 January at King's College, Strand, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

AUDEN and After. 12 lectures by Derek Stanford. Thursday afternoons, commencing 9 January, 3 p.m., at the City Lit., Stukeley St, Drury Lane, WC2.

SPRING Term at the City Lit. New Light on the '45; the Bank Rate at Work; Practical Astronomy; Sibelius; An Approach to Abstract Art; Soho Singing; Score Reading. Stukeley St., Drury Lane, WC2. CHA. 8558.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers intensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for graduates and other well-educated girls. New group begins 6 January (next group 17 February). Foreign languages. Individual attention. Excellent results. For full details and interview apply the Principal 62 Bayswater Road, London, W2. PAD. 3320.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write, Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

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ITALIAN, French, German. Rome, Sorbonne, Heidelberg. Coach to Univ. Ent. Visit schls. Spec. syllabus for holidays. Mrs Chanda, 4c Holford Rd., NW3. HAM. 7322.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one year full-time course commencing October 1958. Grants for fees and maintenance are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals and Local Authority Mental Health Service. It is also valuable for all kinds of social workers who wish for further supervised casework experience in a psychiatric setting. Candidates must hold a Degree or Certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than 1 March 1958 (31 January for oversea applicants). Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, WC2, where the course will be held.

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